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AN ALTERNATE
FOURTH READER
STICKNEY

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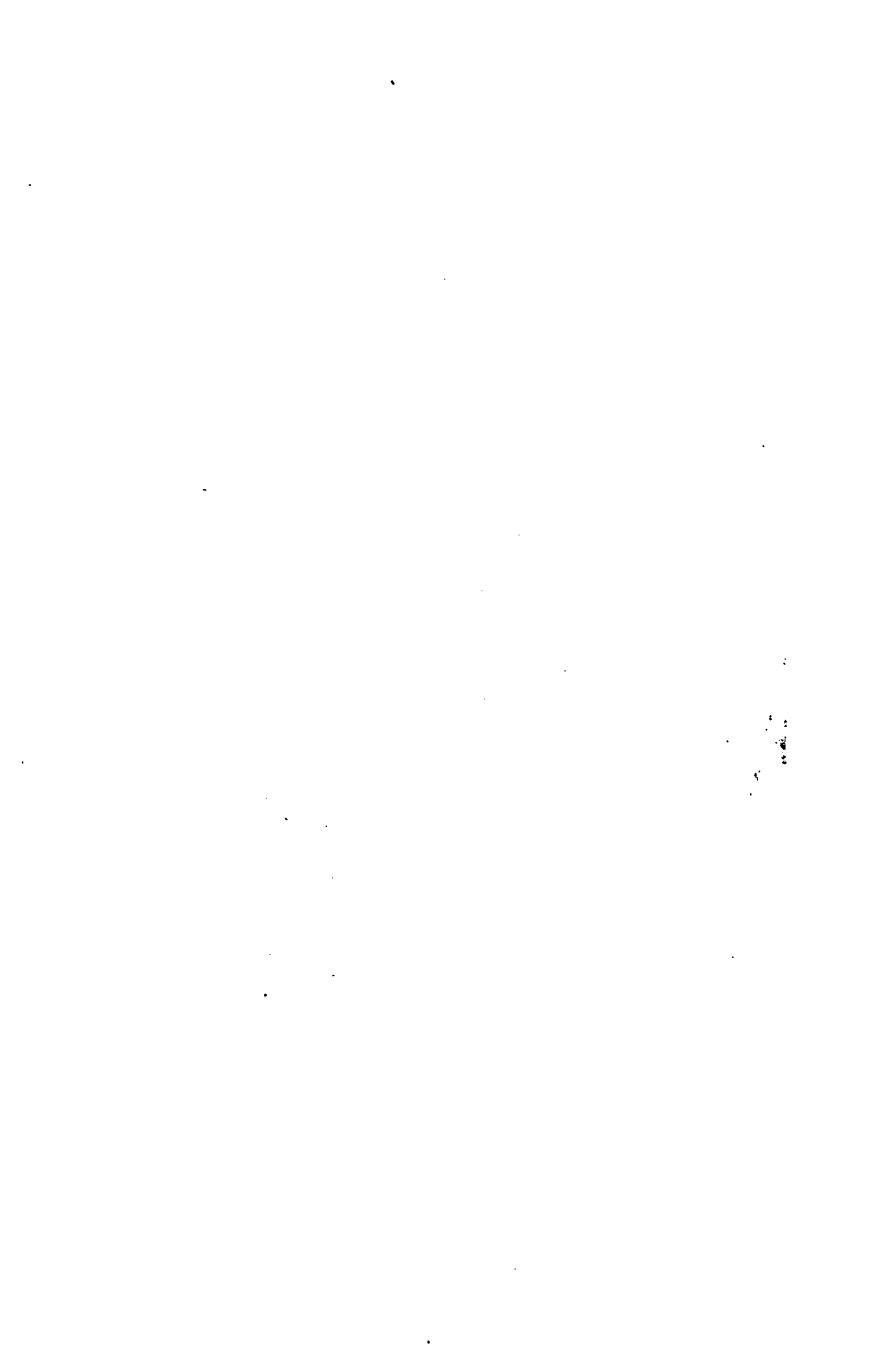
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THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

AN ALTERNATE
FOURTH READER

(STICKNEY)

J. H. Sansing



BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Athenæum Press

1900

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Edue T 759.00.510

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE introduction of a new Fourth Reader into the Stickney Series grows out of the recognition that the provision at this stage is less, while the opportunity is greater, than at any other point.

It is the passing from childhood to early youth ; if wise provision is made for healthful growth, nutrition is assured. Working with law, we may accomplish what we will, subject only to limitations which are guides but not hindrances. Courage and tenderness, chivalry and loyalty, honor and duty in varying measure wait to be stimulated into expression in conduct. It may be a slow process, but nothing is more sure when conditions are favorable. The reading lesson is the best single agency the school day affords, and wisely chosen reading the best instrument.

Events of recent years have altered the range of even children's thought, and strenuous times make possible the appeal to higher ideals. Larger views of life and its responsibilities seem natural in view of the citizenship in which our children are soon to bear their part. It is not too soon to begin to provide for a growth in character and to create an environment favorable to such growth. Considerations like these have led to the choice of selections with a view to some positive good to be derived from each. While not lowering the standard of literary merit, we have made moral considerations paramount.

So large a number of the original Fourth Readers of this series are now in use, and so hearty are the commendations of the book as a "first Fourth" where a number of different Readers are employed, that it has been decided to send this new book out as

an Alternate. In the part of the school course covered by a Fourth Reader there is a field for both; the selections in the earlier book were made primarily in the interest of easy reading, so that the present volume, while offering few difficulties, is a good one to follow it.

The crowning purpose in all the author's former work to make the lessons *pleasing to the children themselves*, while elevating to their tastes, is believed to have been no less successfully carried out in this book. It has been urged that, in the interest of literary standards, books have been addressed rather to a class among us than to the needs of our whole people. In the present instance, as has been said above, the appeal is to the best natural instincts of boys and girls in every walk in life. If the book shall meet as kind a reception as has been accorded to the earlier ones of the series, the author will be entirely satisfied. A few pages of explanatory character as helps in the study of the lessons will be found in the Appendix.

Indebtedness is gratefully acknowledged to authors from whose writings selections have been made for the service of our schools. In cases where abridgment has been necessary, care has been taken to do no violence to the thought or the literary expression of the original. A generous courtesy has been extended to the author by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as in earlier books, and we have under their copyright poems by Longfellow and Lowell, and two prose readings from Hawthorne. The account of the Japanese Fire Box is from Sir Edwin Arnold's "East and West," through the kindness of The Macmillan Company.

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FOURTH READER



I. — AN UNDERGROUND TOWN.

1. Let us mount our Indian ponies and take a ride over the prairies, west of the river Missouri. I am going to show you a prairie dog town.

We need not go far. You are at the town before you know it.

“A town?” you say. “I see only some little heaps of soil and gravel. Are they the town?”

Oh, no! but the town is under them. Each heap is the dirt dug out of the hole that you see just by it; and each of the holes is a house.

2. You see fifty or more of the dwellers in Dogtown. They are taking an airing this bright, sunny morning. Some sit on their mounds, like squirrels or chipmunks; some are running to visit their neighbors. And close beside several of the dogs a little brown bird is standing. He is the prairie dogs' greatest friend.

The black eyes of prairie dogs are quick. Their ears are very sharp. They watch you and listen. Ah! you made too much noise just then. See how

they all scamper home. Those that were visiting do not stop to kiss or even say good-by. Each leaps to his hole, gives one frisk of his tail, and, quick as a flash, pops down.

3. And those cute little birds, too, run into the holes, as if they were the owners. What are they, you wonder. They are burrowing owls. That means that their business is digging. I think myself they are lazy and want some one else to dig for them.

You remember that boy in your class who once copied your examples. Well, the burrowing owl is like him, — a rather shabby fellow.

4. You would like to know why it is that the prairie dog lives underground. We cannot be quite sure how the fashion began, but the story is this: —

Ever so long ago the prairie dogs lived with the squirrels. They built themselves houses of twigs and leaves, or lived in the hollows of old dead trees.

For a while everything went on well. But one day a squirrel got angry with one of the prairie dogs. "You've taken my tree," he said in a rage; and the squirrels all took his part. Then all of them chattered together, and all of the prairie dogs yelped. And then a great battle came off.

5. The dogs were sadly beaten. The ears of

some were bitten off, and some had bleeding noses ; and, what was worst, those naughty squirrels bit off the tails of several. The prairie dogs scampered off for their lives. They ran to a place where no trees grew, for they knew no squirrels would be there. They stopped to take breath.

6. Then a wild wind sprang up. "What is to be done?" yelled a plump little dog. "We must get under cover. This wind will blow us away. And see the dust ! It blinds my eyes. Oh, dear ! I can't endure it."



A PRAIRIE DOG.

"Nor can I," "Nor can I," said the rest, all in chorus.

7. Then one old grandfather dog said : "Friends, I am older than some of you ; and long ago, where I used to live, I had a friend called Badger. He dug a great hole in the ground, for his house, and there he lived, warm and cozy. I visited him one day. A dreadful gale was blowing. But how still it was in friend Badger's hole ! The only noise was what he made as he munched some golden corn. He did not know the wind was blowing.

8. "Mr. Badger had very long claws, and we can't dig as well as he; but we all have paws, and we all have claws. Let's dig."

A hundred dogs were winking and blinking and rubbing some very sore eyes, but they all yelped, "We'll do that," and began.

9. Such a scratching of dirt you never have seen. You have watched a hen scratching for worms for ten chickens. Well, fancy a hundred, all scratching together, and think how the dirt would fly. So it did on the prairie long ago, when those dogs began to burrow.

Pretty soon their noses were underground, then their shoulders followed, and soon hind legs and frisking tails were all that could be seen.

10. And now a storm was raging. The wind blew this way and that way and that. Snow filled the air, — as hard as ice and as fine as sugar. When it struck one's cheeks it made them rough and sore as if they had been rubbed with sandpaper.

But the prairie dogs were safe in their burrows. They dug and dug and dug, until each was "as snug as a bug in a rug." Ever since that day the prairie dogs have lived underground.

NOTE. — For the pronunciation and definition of unusual words in this and subsequent pieces, and also for notes giving explanation of their meaning, see Appendix.

II. — THE DEVOTED FRIEND.

I.

The following story shows how absurd common traits of character appear when carried to excess.

1. Once upon a time there was an honest little fellow named Hans. He lived in a tiny cottage all by himself, and every day he worked in his garden. In all the countryside there was no garden so lovely as his. Sweet-william grew there, and gilly-flower, and shepherds'-purse, and fair-maids of France. There were damask roses and yellow roses, lilac crocuses and gold, purple violets and white. Columbine and ladysmock, marjoram and wild basil, the cowslip and the flower-de-luce, the daffodil and the clove-pink bloomed or blossomed in their proper order as the months went by, one flower taking another flower's place, so that there were always beautiful things to look at and pleasant odors to smell.

2. Little Hans had many friends, but the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh, the miller. Indeed, so devoted was the rich miller to little Hans, that he would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay, or a handful of sweet herbs, or

filling his pockets with plums and cherries, if it were the fruit season.

“Real friends should have everything in common,” the miller used to say; and little Hans nodded and smiled, and felt very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas.

3. Sometimes, indeed, the neighbors thought it strange that the rich miller never gave little Hans anything in return, though he had a hundred sacks of flour stored away in his mill, and six milch cows, and a large flock of woolly sheep; but Hans never troubled his head about these things, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship.

4. So little Hans worked away in his garden. During the spring, the summer, and the autumn he was very happy, but when the winter came, and he had no fruit or flowers to bring to the market, he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger, and often had to go to bed without any supper but a few dried pears or some hard nuts. In the winter, also, he was extremely lonely, as the miller never came to see him then.

5. “There is no good in my going to see little Hans as long as the snow lasts,” the miller used

to say to his wife, "for when people are in trouble they should not be bothered by visitors. That at least is my idea about friendship, and I am sure I am right. So I shall wait till the spring comes, and then I shall pay him a visit, and he will be able to give me a large basket of primroses, and that will make him so happy."

6. "But could we not ask little Hans up here?" said the miller's youngest son. "If poor Hans is in trouble, I will give him half my porridge and show him my white rabbits."

"What a silly boy you are!" cried the miller. "Why, if little Hans were to come and see our warm fire and our good supper, he might get envious, and envy is a most terrible thing, and would spoil anybody's nature. Besides, he might ask me to let him have some flour on credit, and that I could not do. Flour is one thing, and friendship is another, and they should not be confused."

7. As soon as the winter was over, and the primroses began to open their pale yellow stars, the miller said to his wife that he would go down and see little Hans.

So the miller tied the sails of the windmill together with a strong iron chain, and went down the hill with the basket on his arm.

8. "Good morning, little Hans," said the miller. "We often talked of you during the winter and wondered how you were getting on."

"That was kind of you," said Hans; "I was half afraid you had forgotten me."

"Hans, I am surprised at you," said the miller; "friendship never forgets. How lovely your prim-roses are looking, by the bye!"

9. "They are certainly very lovely," said Hans, "and it is a most lucky thing for me that I have so many. I am going to take them into the market and sell them, and buy back my wheelbarrow with the money."

"Buy back your wheelbarrow? You don't mean to say you have sold it? What a very stupid thing to do!"

10. "Well, the fact is," said Hans, "that I was obliged to. You see the winter was a very bad time for me, and I really had no money at all to buy bread with. So I first sold the silver buttons off my Sunday coat, and then I sold my silver chain, and at last I sold my wheelbarrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now."

11. "Hans," said the miller, "I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good repair; indeed, one side is gone, and there is something

wrong with the wheel-spokes. I think that generosity is the essence of friendship, and, besides, I have got a new wheelbarrow for myself. Yes, you may set your mind at ease, I will give you my wheelbarrow."

"Well, really, that is generous of you," said little Hans; and his funny round face glowed all over with pleasure. "I can easily put it in repair, as I have a plank of wood in the house."

12. "A plank of wood!" said the miller; "why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn. There is a very large hole in it, and the corn will all get damp if I don't stop it up. How lucky you mentioned it! I have given you my wheelbarrow, and now you are going to give me your plank. Of course the wheelbarrow is worth far more than the plank, but true friendship never notices things like that. Pray get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day."

13. "Certainly," cried little Hans; and he ran into the shed and dragged the plank out.

"It is not a very big plank," said the miller, looking at it, "and I am afraid that after I have mended my barn roof there won't be any left for you to mend the wheelbarrow with. And now, as

I have given you my wheelbarrow, I am sure you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket, and mind you fill it quite full."

14. "Quite full?" said little Hans rather sorrowfully, for it was really a very big basket, and he knew that if he filled it he would have no flowers left for the market, and he was very anxious to get his silver buttons back.

"Well, really," answered the miller, "as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I don't think that it is much to ask you for a few flowers. I may be wrong, but I should have thought that friendship, true friendship, was quite free from selfishness of any kind."

15. "My dear friend, my best friend," cried little Hans, "you are welcome to all the flowers in my garden. I would much sooner have your good opinion than my silver buttons any day"; and he ran and plucked all his pretty primroses and filled the miller's basket.

"Good-by, little Hans," said the miller as he went up the hill with the plank on his shoulder and the big basket in his hand.

"Good-by," said little Hans; and he began to dig away quite merrily, he was so pleased about the wheelbarrow.

II.

1. The next day Hans was nailing up some honeysuckle against the porch, when he heard the miller's voice calling to him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder, and ran down the garden, and looked over the wall.

There was the miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

"Dear little Hans," said the miller, "would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market?"

2. "Oh, I am so sorry," said Hans, "but I am really very busy to-day. I have got all my creepers to nail up, and all my flowers to water, and all my grass to roll."

"Well, really," said the miller, "I think that, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse."

"Oh, don't say that," cried little Hans; "I would n't be unfriendly for the whole world"; and he ran in for his cap and trudged off with the big sack on his shoulders.

3. It was a very hot day and the road was terribly dusty, and before Hans had reached the sixth milestone he was so tired that he had to sit

down and rest. However, he went on bravely, and at last he reached the market. After he had waited there some time he sold the sack of flour for a very good price, and then he returned home at once, for he was afraid that if he stopped too late he might meet some robbers on the way.

4. "It has certainly been a hard day," said little Hans to himself as he was going to bed, "but I am glad I did not refuse the miller, for he is my best friend ; and, besides, he is going to give me his wheelbarrow."

Early the next morning the miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour, but little Hans was so tired that he was still in bed.

5. "Upon my word," said the miller, "you are very lazy. Idleness is a great sin, and I certainly don't like any of my friends to be idle or sluggish. You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course I should not dream of doing so if I were not your friend. But what is the good of friendship if one cannot say exactly what one means? Anybody can say charming things and try to please and to flatter, but a true friend always says unpleasant things and does not mind giving pain. Indeed, if he is really a true friend he prefers it, for he knows that then he is doing good."

6. "I am very sorry," said little Hans, rubbing his eyes and pulling off his nightcap, "but I was so tired that I thought I would lie in bed for a little time and listen to the birds singing. Do you know that I always work better after hearing the birds sing?"

"Well, I am glad of that," said the miller, clapping little Hans on the back, "for I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you are dressed and mend my barn roof for me."

7. Poor little Hans was very anxious to go and work in his garden, for his flowers had not been watered for two days; but he did not like to refuse the miller, as he was such a good friend to him.

"Do you think it would be unfriendly of me if I said I was busy?" he inquired in a shy and timid voice.

"Well, really," answered the miller, "I do not think it is much to ask of you, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow; but of course if you refuse I will go and do it myself."

8. "Oh! on no account," cried little Hans; and he jumped out of bed and dressed himself, and went up to the barn.

He worked there all day long till sunset, and at sunset the miller came to see how he was getting on.

"Have you mended the hole in the roof yet, little Hans?" cried the miller in a cheery voice.

"It is quite mended," answered little Hans, coming down the ladder.

9. "Ah!" said the miller, "there is no work so delightful as the work one does for others."

"It is certainly a great privilege to hear you talk," answered little Hans, sitting down and wiping his forehead, "a very great privilege. But I am afraid I shall never have such beautiful ideas as you have."

"Oh! they will come to you," said the miller, "but you must take more pains. Now that you have mended the roof you had better go home and rest, for I want you to drive my sheep to the mountain to-morrow."

10. Poor little Hans was afraid to say anything to this, and early the next morning the miller brought his sheep around to the cottage, and Hans started off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back; and when he returned he was so tired that he fell asleep in his chair and did not wake till it was broad daylight.

"What a delightful time I shall have in my garden!" he said; and he went to work at once.

11. But somehow he was never able to look after his flowers at all, for his friend the miller was always coming around and sending him off on long errands, or getting him to help at the mill. Little Hans was very much distressed at times, as he was afraid his flowers would think he had forgotten them ; but he consoled himself by the reflection that the miller was his best friend. " Besides," he used to say, " he is going to give me his wheelbarrow ; and that is an act of pure generosity."

12. So little Hans worked away for the miller, and the miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship, which Hans took down in a notebook and used to read over at night, for he was a very good scholar.

Now it happened that one evening little Hans was sitting by his fireside when a loud rap came at the door. It was a very wild night, and the wind was blowing and roaring round the house so terribly that at first he thought it was merely the storm. But a second rap came, and then a third, louder than either of the others.

13. " It is some poor traveler," said little Hans to himself ; and he ran to the door.

There stood the miller with a lantern in one hand and a big stick in the other.

"Dear little Hans," cried the miller, "I am in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself, and I am going for the doctor. But he lives so far away, and it is such a bad night, that it has just occurred to me that it would be much better if you went instead of me. You know I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, and so it is only fair that you should do something for me in return."

14. "Certainly," cried little Hans, "I take it quite as a compliment your coming to me, and I will start off at once. But you must lend me your lantern, as the night is so dark that I am afraid I might fall into the ditch."

"I am very sorry," answered the miller, "but it is my new lantern, and it would be a great loss to me if anything happened to it."

15. "Well, never mind, I will do without it," cried little Hans; and he took down his great fur coat, and his warm scarlet cap, and tied a muffler round his throat and started off.

What a dreadful storm it was! The night was so black that little Hans could hardly see, and the wind was so strong that he could scarcely stand. However, he was very courageous, and after he had been walking about three hours

he arrived at the doctor's house and knocked at the door.

16. "Who is there?" cried the doctor, putting his head out of his bedroom window.

"Little Hans, Doctor."

"What do you want, little Hans?"

"The miller's son has fallen from a ladder and has hurt himself, and the miller wants you to come at once."

"All right!" said the doctor; and he ordered his horse, and his big boots, and his lantern, and came downstairs and rode off in the direction of the miller's house, little Hans trudging behind him.

17. But the storm grew worse and worse, and the rain fell in torrents, and little Hans could not see where he was going, or keep up with the horse. At last he lost his way and wandered off on the moor, which was a very dangerous place, as it was full of deep holes; and there poor little Hans was drowned. His body was found the next day, by some goatherds, floating in a great pool of water, and was brought back by them to the cottage.

Everybody went to little Hans's funeral, as he was so popular; and the miller was the chief mourner.

III. — THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE

'T is the song of the morning,
The words of the sun,
As he swings o'er the mountains:
"There's work to be done.

"I must waken the sleepers,
And banish the night;
I must paint up the heavens,
Tuck the stars out of sight.

"Dry the dew on the meadows,
Put warmth in the air,
Chase the fog from the lowlands,
Stay gloom everywhere.

"No pausing, no resting,
There's work to be done.
It is upward and onward,
Still on," says the sun.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IV.—A RACE WITH THE TIDE.

1. Matt and his father, David Strang, have left their coats on the beach. They are out on the sand flats wading for salmon among the giant saucers of salt water left by the tide, for this is one of the rare spots where the fish may be taken thus. What fun it is, spearing them in a joyous rivalry that makes the fishers well-nigh jab each other's toes with their pitchforks, and tear each other's shirt sleeves in a friendly tussle for a darting monster!

Farther and farther they wander, till their backs are bowed with the spoil, the shellfish in a little basket, the scaly fish strung together by a small rope passing through their gills. The boy carries the shad, and the man the heavier salmon.

2. At last, as they are turning homewards, late in the afternoon, Matt stands still suddenly, lost in admiration of the beauty of the scene,—the shimmering pools, the stretch of brown sand, the blue sky tinged with pink clouds. Father and boy stand talking till the former utters a sudden exclamation.

“What's the matter?” asked Matt, startled.

“The tide's rushing in! We'll have to run for it.”

Matt gives a hasty glance to the left, then takes to his heels straight across the sands in pace with his father. The sea is racing towards them, and to get to shore they must shoot straight across the galloping current. They are at the head of the Bay of Fundy, where the tide reaches a maximum speed of ten miles an hour, and the sailor, so rarely at home, has forgotten its peculiarity.

3. "We shall never do it, father," pants Matt, for the waves are already lapping the rim of the little sand island on which they find themselves, and the pools in which they had waded are filling up rapidly.

"Throw them away," jerks the father; and Matt, with a sigh of regret, unstrings his fishes, and, putting the string in his pocket, speeds on with renewed strength. But the sun flares mercilessly through the haze, and when they reach the end of their island they step into three feet of water, with the safe shore a quarter of a mile off.

4. "I suppose you can't swim, sonny!" says the man.

"Not so far as that," says Matt meekly.

David grunts, and, shifting his pitchfork to his left hand, grasps Matt with his right and lifts him back onto the burning sand, already soddened by a thin, frothy wash.

"Now, then, hand me your fork," he says sharply.

He knocks out the iron prongs of both the pitchforks, ties the wooden handles securely together by the string, and fixes the apparatus across the boy's breast and under his arms.

5. To finish the job easily he has to climb back on the sand island; for, though he stands in a little eddy, it is impossible to keep his feet against the fierce swirl of the waters, and even on the island, where there are as yet only a few inches of sea, Matt is almost swept away to the right by the mad charge of the tide on his left flank.

"Now, then," cries David; "it's about time we were home to supper. I'll swim ye for your flapjacks."

6. "But, father," says Matt, "you're not going to carry the fish on your back?"

"They won't carry me on theirs," David laughs. "What would mother think if we came home without a prize in tow? Avast there! I'll teach you how I'll get out of carrying them on my back."

And with a chuckle he launches himself into the eddy and shoots forward with a vigorous side stroke.

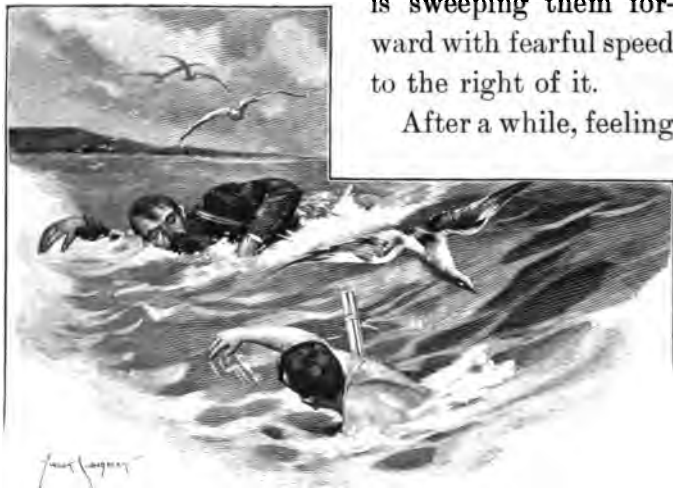
"This side up with care!" he cries cheerily. "Jump, sonny, straight forwards."

7. In a moment the man and the boy are

swimming hard for the strip of shore directly opposite the sand island, the spot where they left their coats hours before. But neither has the slightest expectation of reaching it, for the tide

is sweeping them forward with fearful speed to the right of it.

After a while, feeling



A LIFE STRUGGLE IN THE WATER.

himself well buoyed up by the handles, Matt breathes more easily, and gradually becomes quite happy, for the water is calm on the surface. They pass sea gulls fighting over the dead fish which Matt left behind, but which have been carried ahead of him in their course.

a. "We're drifting a long way from those coats of ours," grumbles David. "'T will be a

tiresome walk back. If it weren't for them, we could cut across country when we make port."

Matt strains his vision to the left, but sees only the purple outline of the islands, and in the far background the faint peaks of the hills.

"Well, I never!" exclaims his father suddenly. "If those coats are n't coming to meet us!"

And presently, sure enough, Matt catches sight of the coats hastening along near the shore.

9. "We must cut them off before they pass by!" cries his father. "Spurt, sonny, spurt; 't is a race 'twixt them and us."

Sea birds begin to circle low over their heads, scenting David's fish; but he pushes steadily on.

"We ought to back the coats," he observes. "They have backed us many a time. Just a little quicker," he says at last, "or they'll get past yonder point, and then they're off to Truro."

10. Matt kicks out more lustily; then his heart almost stops as he suddenly sees death beneath the lovely purple haze. It is the human swimmers who are in danger of being carried off to Truro, if they do not make the shore earlier than "yonder point," for Matt remembers all at once that it is the last point for miles, the shore curving deeply inwards. Even if they reach the point in

time they will be thrown back by the swirl ; they must touch the shore earlier to get in safely.

11. He perceives that his father has been aware of the danger from the start, and has been disguising his anxiety under the pretext of racing the coats. He feels proud of this brave, strong man, the cold terror passes from his limbs, and he spurts bravely.

“That’s a little man,” says David ; “we’ll catch them yet. Lucky it’s sandstone yonder instead of sand ; no fear of getting sucked in.”

12. Now it is the shore that seems racing to meet them ; the red reef holds out a friendly finger, and in another five minutes they are perched upon it. What is more, they tie with their coats, meeting them just at the landing place.

David laughs a long laugh at the queerness of the incident, quivering like a dog that shakes himself after a swim, and Matt smiles, too.

13. “Those sea birds are a bit off their feed, that’s a fact,” chuckles David as he shoulders the fish. Then the two cut across the forest, drying and steaming in the sun. Hiding the prongless pitchforks in the haymow they enter the house, all smiles and salmon.

V. — THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great
town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went, blustering and
humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was
coming.
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and
mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks, —
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'T was so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, " Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I 'll make you bow !"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and
through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm ;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm :
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed
aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd ;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon
to be gone.

But the Wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in
vain ;

For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, —
and he stood

With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud !

Then away went the Wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea ;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

VI. — HEART OF GOLD.

1. Sweetheart loves to go upon embassies. One day she had to run all the way through the village to an old farmhouse nestling on a knoll among trees, where there is a pond and the most beautiful spiky chestnuts.

She went off right gaily because, before she went, she had seen our noble steed groomed for travel, and had marked the delight — the calm delight — with which he partook of his morning meal out of the crackling oil can.

2. Sweetheart therefore felt secure of a happy day in the saddle. So she started off in high spirits to do her errand. Neither did she stop to play at Greystone, though the chestnuts were getting brown, and a lot of the fine spiky ones lay among broad green leaves where the wind of the night before had brought them down.

Sweetheart knew that the school children would be along the road in an hour, and that this was her only chance of gathering the glossy brown marbles. Yet she passed the place without waiting to lift more than she could snatch without stopping, and thrust in passing into the pockets of her jacket.

3. For the virtue of message-going consists,

not in the speed of the outward journey, but in the promptness of the return. . Anybody, says Sweetheart very wisely, can go on a message, but not everybody can come straight back.

A rosy-cheeked, white-aproned woman came to the door of Greystone in answer to her timid knock. Sweetheart spoke by the book and delivered the envelope with its charge of round heavy coin of the realm.

4. "Tell your mother, dearie, that I can let her have the eggs and the butter," said the good-wife. "And won't you come in and sit down? I will get you a 'piece.'"

"Thank you very much," says Sweetheart, "but I promised to run home all the way."

And so, all "pieceless," she turned and tripped down the green loaming with her message. She sang gaily as she went. And as she danced along a brookside part of the way, the water sang and danced also for joy to see so bright a thing.

5. But, meanwhile, at home the tricycle had been brought to the door and it stood winking in the sun, expectant of passengers. Hugo was playing with his horses, and had just fed them all three with the same handful of grass. This being finished, he looked about for something else to do

which would be equally satisfactory and economical. His eyes fell wistfully upon the tricycle.

"Would you like a little ride in Sweetheart's seat?" I said, watching his longing and lingering gaze. For Hugo had as yet been counted of too tender years to be set upon that seat of honor and danger.

6. Pleasure gleamed instantly responsive in the boy's eye. He threw down his whip and the handful of hay which had already done such signal service to his steeds. In a moment we were in the saddle and wheeling slowly through the village street.

Suddenly round the corner toward us tripped Sweetheart, dancing homeward, expectant of certain delight, and singing with all her might.

But as soon as she saw us the song stopped as if by magic, and she walked a little more slowly. Presently, however, she came running toward us faster than ever.

7. "I am so glad dear Hugo is getting a ride! I am so very glad dear Hugo is getting a ride with father!" she cried.

Hugo waved to her with his hand a little condescendingly. But he was so much occupied keeping his seat, and so greatly elated with the

importance of his position, that he had no time to say anything.

Sweetheart turned, forgetting a little, I fear, about going quite straight home with her message.

a. "I will just run alongside," she said; "I can run so fast. See, father, how fast I can run. You won't leave your Sweetheart behind, will you, father?"

And her little feet pattered right determinedly along the road. Sweetheart was now running all she could. For though, stupidly enough, I did not know it then, she was trying to keep down the trouble rising in her heart.

"I am so glad to see Hugo sitting in my place — so very glad!" she panted. "It is nice for dear Hugo to get a ride."

9. She ran close alongside, waving her hand at him and smiling pitifully all the time. I might have seen, if I had thought of looking, that her eyes were brimming. It was the warm, quickly beating little heart which was pumping something up into them. But with grown-up stupidity I took no heed.

Presently the wheels began to spin a little faster, for we were running down a little hill. We were beginning unconsciously to draw away from the

little red-capped runner. The twinkling legs could really not be made to move any faster, though Sweetheart still tried to keep abreast of us.

10. "I am so glad" — we could hear the broken accents, full of childish love and good will, pursuing us — "so glad dear Hugo is getting a ride."

We shot ahead quite rapidly now toward the foot of the hill, and once round the turn we would be out of sight. But when poor Sweetheart saw that she could not possibly keep up with us any longer, suddenly something snapped in the brave little breast, and she threw herself down in the middle of the road, crying as though her heart had been broken.

11. It had been too hard a trial. Her seat was filled. We were going out of her sight without a word. She had done her best to rejoice in another's joy, but she could not bear to be altogether left behind. And so — and so that is how it happened. In a moment or two Hugo and I were back, but the mischief was done. I lifted the little one.

"Sweetheart, Sweetheart," I said, "what is this — why are you crying like this?"

"I am not crying," she protested, though the big drops were falling thick and making each a

little round ball on the dusty road. "It is only because I am so glad dear Hugo is getting a ride. But—but I thought I was not to be father's little 'panion any more."

12. This is a sad tale and it ends here. The chief engineer had a warm coat upon his back as he rode up the village street with Sweetheart and Hugo both before him—as it were, "three upon one pony."

But he richly deserved it. For, quite ignorantly and like a man, he had been trying a loyal little heart just one peg too high. Now Sweetheart has risen to the dignity of having a tricycle of her own, and though Hugo (or even Baby Brother) rides sometimes in the old wheezy basket-seat between the horn handles, Sweetheart does not mind, for she has never ceased to be "father's little 'panion." Nor is it likely that she ever will.

S. R. CROCKETT.

VII.—THE LOST CHILD AND THE DOG.

1. A gentleman who was living near one of the American prairies was one morning visited before daybreak by a woman, the wife of a German, who was living not far off, and who came to beg of him to take with him his dog "Fidele," and help her to seek for her little boy who had strayed away the day before. Two children had been lost within the last two years, and she was almost out of her mind with distress.

2. The dog, though not a regular hound, was remarkably clever in tracking game; the poor woman had seen him hunting wild turkeys for his master on the prairie, and nothing would persuade her but that he could find her child.

3. The gentleman was quite willing to try what the dog could do, and on their way to her house she told him that the day before, having gone with dinner for her husband and a neighbor who were working at some little distance, she left the child playing at the door, and when she came back he was nowhere to be found. She ran hither and thither and called to no purpose; her husband and the neighbor and the few scattered people

who dwelt about, all came, and men and women sought far and wide till it was dark.

4. Through the long night also she and her husband had remained out, calling to the child and shouting to frighten away the wild beasts, lest he should be seized by them as one of the other lost children had been. Morning came and he was not found; and now there seemed no hope unless in Fidele.

5. By sunrise Fidele and his master were at the house, a very humble dwelling built of turf. Here and there, to the north and east, other little emigrant dwellings lay scattered; whilst to the south and west stretched out the vast prairie to the very horizon, like a boundless sea. A little piece of unenclosed land was cultivated round the house, through which a narrow footpath led to the door. A number of neighbors were again assembled to renew the search.

6. The gentleman had taken his gun with him, which made the dog suppose that he was going out after game; but laying it aside in the house, he took up some of the child's clothing and endeavored to make the dog understand what it was they wanted him to do. But he had the idea of the gun in his head, and though he

smelled at the clothes as he was told, he then simply stood looking up in his master's face, as if saying: "Well, and what next?"

7. The next thing for him to do was to follow his master out; but then he was perplexed about the gun being left behind, and kept looking back at it as if to suggest that it must be taken with him. A little pair of shoes which the child had thrown off in his play the day before stood near the door; at these the dog smelled, and it was hoped that by their means he would come upon the scent and understand what he had to do.

8. The child, however, had now been lost eighteen hours, and it seemed very doubtful whether the dog could get the scent near home; for the whole neighborhood and the neighbors' houses had all been searched, and it was necessary to strike off into the great plain. But in the first instance the dog must catch the scent; and as yet, though he had smelled at the little stockings and the shoes, the poor thing was so perplexed and troubled by his master's leaving the gun behind him that it seemed as if no other idea could be gotten into his mind.

9. The master carried in his hand the little stockings, endeavoring to make the dog understand that he was to find the scent from them.

At length the idea struck him that his master wished him to carry them. He wagged his tail, he was so pleased; he was ready to set off with them anywhere. His master was very kind and patient with him, patted him and encouraged him, but said firmly, "No."

10. The poor dog was disappointed, and walked on sorrowfully perplexed by his master's side. The mother kept close to the dog, seeming to have no hope but in him, and yet was sadly troubled that he had not yet found the scent.

11. All at once, however, he made a stand, smelled at the ground, wagged his tail, looked joyfully up at his master, and ran hither and thither with his nose to the ground. He had come upon the scent, and at once knew what was wanted. The dog was delighted. He smelled at every tuft of grass, lifting his head and snuffing in the air with his eyes half shut, as if turning all his mind inward upon the one thought of finding the lost child. The poor mother cried for joy.

12. The traces were faint; now and then the dog lost them, and with a short bark of impatience ran back to recover them. At length he came to a prickly shrub, to which he paid much attention, smelling about and wagging his tail. A rag of

blue woollen cloth hung on the thorn; the mother rushed forward, exclaiming, "It is my Johann! It is a bit of his dress."

13. From this moment not a movement of the dog was lost on the mother. The neighbors who were also out on the search now gathered themselves near the dog. His master feared that so many people might distract the dog's attention. But no; nothing could now distract him. On he went, winding and turning as the poor child had done, till at last he came upon the print of a little naked foot in the sand of an old road which the buffaloes had trodden on their way to the water.

14. The path was narrow and wound through bushes. The dog, who was sure of his purpose, wagged his tail, smelling first on one side, then on the other, as if following the traces of the child's hand or clothes upon the bushes.

15. The old buffalo track led up a little ascent and then fell to the water. On the top of the ascent the dog made a dead stand with his nose to the ground. Here probably the child had rested for a moment, as the prints of his little heels were visible in the sand.

16. The hunt was now intensely interesting. The dog, however, seemed puzzled; now he ran in

this direction, now in that, returned and looked anxiously at his master. Something was at fault which he was trying to make clear.

At length off he went at full speed, his master and the child's parents following, till they came to a small stream, on the muddy banks of which they saw not only the prints of the child's little feet, but of his bare knees where he had knelt to drink.

17. Here the dog paused, but only for a moment ; then set off, now no longer following the scent on the ground, but with his nose in the air, his neck stretched out, and his eyes staring. He had caught the living scent, and the mother ran after, exclaiming, "He has found my child ! he has found my child !"

18. And so indeed it was. The boy was lying on the ground as if exhausted. His mother caught him in her arms, weeping over him tears of joy. The poor dog at the same time seemed wild with delight, now leaping on the child, now on the mother, licking their hands and faces, and now running to the various people who stood around, and barking short barks of joy, and wagging his tail as if he were out of his mind with happiness.

MARY HOWITT.

VIII. — SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down in the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels, or the horses' feet,
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop —
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his gay young friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow.

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

IX.—HOW CRUSOE MADE POTTERY.

Defoe's "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" will be read with delight as long as there are boys to read, and much of it has equal interest for girls. Thrown upon his own resources on a desolate island, Crusoe's necessities drive him to many inventions and contrivances.

1. I had now a great employment on my hands, to make by some means or other some earthen vessels. These I sorely needed, but could not think how to make them.

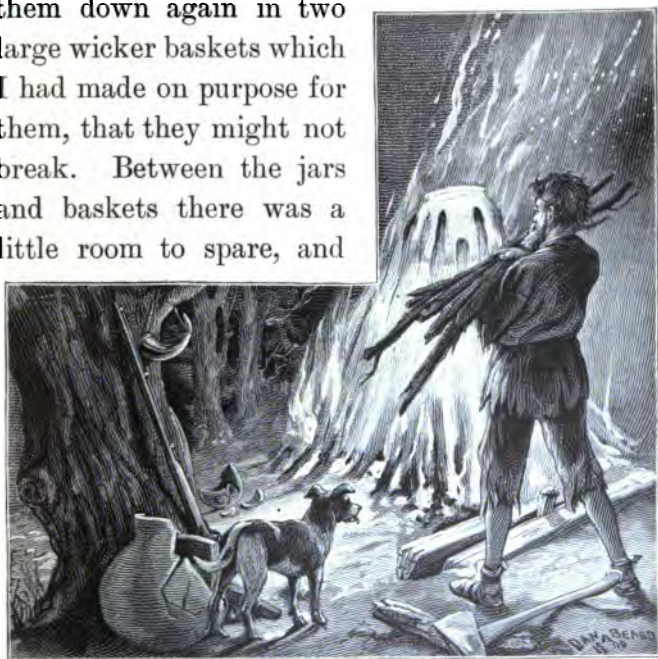
Considering the heat of the climate, I felt sure that if I could find the right sort of clay, I should be able to shape some rough pots out of it and dry them in the sun. These would be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and would hold anything that was dry, such as corn and meal.

2. It would make you pity me, or rather laugh at me, to know how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how some cracked by the great heat of the sun, and how others crumbled into dust the moment I touched them.

3. In short,—after having labored hard for

two months to find the right kind of clay, to dig it, and to shape it, — I had only two great ugly earthen things, not worthy to be called jars.

4. When the sun had baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them up very gently, and set them down again in two large wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break. Between the jars and baskets there was a little room to spare, and



CRUSOE MAKING POTTERY.

this I stuffed full of barley straw. “These two jars,” I thought, “will hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal when the corn is bruised.”

5. Though I had been so unfortunate with the large jars, yet I made several smaller things with better success, such as little flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to ; and these the heat of the sun baked as hard as I could wish.

6. Still none of these answered my purpose, which was to get an earthen vessel that would hold liquids and bear the heat of a fire. Now it happened one day that I made a hotter fire than usual for cooking my meat ; and when I went to put it out, after I had done with it, I found in the ashes a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels, burnt as hard as a stone and as red as a tile.

7. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly these vessels might be made to burn whole if they would burn broken. And this set me to studying how I could arrange my fire so as to accomplish this.

8. I had no notion of a kiln such as potters use, nor of glazing the pots with lead, although I had some lead ; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three jars in a pile, one upon another, and heaped my firewood all round them, with a great heap of embers underneath.

9. The fire I plied with fresh fuel round the

outside and on the top, till I saw the jars inside were red hot through and through, and I observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw that they were clear red, I let them stand in that heat for five or six hours.

10. At last I found that one of the jars, though it did not crack, had begun to melt or run. The sand which was mixed with the clay had melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on.

11. So I slackened my fire gradually, till the earthenware began to lose its red color; and watching all night, lest the fire should die out too fast, I had in the morning three very good pipkins and two jars, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the melted sand. No joy at a thing of so trivial a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen vessel that would bear the fire.

12. After this experiment I need not say that I lacked no sort of earthenware for my use. But as to shapes, these vessels were, as you may suppose, not very handsome; for I had no way of modeling them, except as children make mud pies, or as a woman that had never learned to raise dough would make crust.

X. — ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

It is generally supposed that Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was led to write his famous story by reading the true story of Alexander Selkirk, an English sailor who lived alone for four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez. The story of this man was made public by Captain Rogers in 1712, seven years before "Robinson Crusoe" was published.

1. Captain Rogers visited the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709, and there found Selkirk — a wild-looking man clothed in goatskins. He had been left on the island by the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, but was provided with clothes and bedding, a gun, some powder and balls, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a compass, and a few books, among which was a Bible.

2. He built two huts, covering them with long grass and lining them with goatskins. Fire was obtained by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together. He cooked in one hut and slept in the other. Much of his time was spent in reading, singing psalms, and prayer. "I was a better Christian on my lone island," said he, "than I had ever been before."

3. Fishes were plentiful and easily caught, but a fish diet did not agree with him, so he lived mainly on the flesh of goats. When his powder

was gone, he caught the goats by running them down.

4. Once he nearly lost his life in chasing a goat, for he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, and he and the goat fell over it together. When he came to his senses, he found the goat lying under him, killed by the fall.

5. After this he caught a kid, which became so tame that it allowed him to carry it about in his arms, and this was the first of what afterwards became a large flock of tame goats.

6. His shoes were soon worn out, but he managed to get along very well, his feet becoming quite hard. Cats and rats were very troublesome at first, for the rats would gnaw his feet, and the cats stole his food; but he tamed the cats by kindness, and they drove the rats away. When his clothes were worn out, he made others of goat-skins, his needle being a nail. He made a knife out of an iron hoop, which he ground sharp on a stone.

7. It was fortunate for Selkirk that the climate of the island was mild. The trees and grass were green all the year round. There were great rains in June and July—the winter months—but not much cold weather. The summer was not very hot, and there was but little thunder and lightning.

8. There were no serpents on the island and no large beasts of prey. The goats had been brought on the island by a Spaniard, who lived there for a time but went afterwards to the mainland of Chili.

9. The island of Juan Fernandez is about eighteen miles long and nine miles wide, and is very mountainous. The mountains, however, are covered with a heavy growth of woods, and between them are valleys clothed with verdure and watered by numerous springs and streams.

10. In October, 1711, Selkirk again set foot on the shore of his native land. After his return he often said that the world and all its enjoyments could not restore to him the peace of his lonely life on the island. "I am now," said he, "worth eight hundred pounds, but I shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

11. A poem by Cowper, called "Alexander Selkirk's Soliloquy," gives a different view of the lonely life. It begins :

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,"

but ends :

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

XI. — THE CAREFUL OBSERVER.

1. A dervish was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

“You have lost a camel,” said he to the merchants.

“Indeed we have,” they replied.

2. “Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?” said the dervish.

“He was,” replied the merchants.

“Had he not lost a front tooth?”

“He had,” said the merchants.

“And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?”

“Most certainly he was,” they replied; “and, as you have seen him so lately and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him.”

3. “My friends,” said the dervish, “I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!”

“A pretty story, truly,” said the merchants; “but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?”

“I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels,” repeated the dervish.

4. On this they seized his person and forthwith

hurried him before the *cadi*; but on the strictest search nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

5. They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

6. "I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

7. "I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

COLTON.

XII.—THE WISE YOUNG PRINCE.

1. There is an old story about a Persian prince called Cyrus. The ancient Persians brought up their children in a very plain and hardy way.

Till they were seven and twenty, the boys and young men of Persia were fed on bread and cresses and water. They were obliged to do a great deal of hard work, to make long journeys, and to sleep on hard beds. This plain and temperate life made them strong, active, brave, and healthy.

2. Cyrus, a young Persian prince, was brought up in this way. Now when Cyrus was twelve years of age, his mother took him on a visit to the court of her father, who was at that time king of Media. But in Media things were very different. In that country the nobles and their sons dressed in scarlet and gold; they ate rich food; and they drank from deep goblets filled with strong wine.

3. Cyrus, who was a bright, handsome, amiable lad, pleased his grandfather greatly by his simple kindly manners, his sprightly wit, and by his constant willingness to help and oblige everybody who came in his way.

One day Cyrus asked his grandfather if he would allow him to be his cupbearer for a day

or two. His grandfather was very glad to hear this request, and very glad to grant it.

4. It was the rule for the cupbearer of the Median kings, before handing wine to his master, to pour some of the wine into his left hand and taste it. This was the custom in the court, to prove to the king that the wine was safe to drink, and that no enemy had put poison into it.

5. But when Cyrus handed the wine cup to his grandfather he did not taste it. "O Cyrus!" said his grandfather, "you have forgotten something!"

"I was not aware that I had," replied Cyrus.

"You did not taste the wine before handing it to me."

"I did not forget it, grandfather."

"Not forget it! What do you mean?"

"I did not intend to taste it!"

6. "Why not, Cyrus?"

"Because I feared there was poison in the wine."

"Poison, child! Why did you not tell me? I would not then have drunk it."

"Yes, poison; for not long ago I was at a dinner that you gave to the lords of your court. I noticed when they had drunk some of your wine, that they began to talk nonsense or to sing, and

that some of them, indeed, could not talk at all. You, too, seemed to have forgotten that you were king. Then, when your lords and nobles rose up and wanted to dance, some of them could not even stand straight upon their legs."

7. "You are an odd child," replied his grand-sire. "Have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?"

"No, never," replied Cyrus.

"What happens, then, when he drinks?"

"Why he drinks water, and when he has drunk his thirst is quenched; and that is all."

We are not told how the king of Media received this word of the young prince, but we may hope that when Cyrus became himself a king he kept up this simple healthful habit of life. It would seem from the general history of Eastern peoples that the Anglo-Saxon race, to which we belong, has much to learn from them in regard to temperance.

XIII. — HOW GULLIVER CAPTURES A NAVY.

In the following story Gulliver, a shipwrecked sailor, comes to a land inhabited by people less than six inches high. This race of little men he calls the Lilliputians. They being at war with the neighboring nation of Blefuscu, Gulliver engages to wade across the channel and capture the enemy's whole navy.

1. The empire of Blefuscu is an island to the northeast of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I did not appear on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships.

2. I told His Majesty a plan I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet, which lay at anchor in the harbor ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the ablest seamen upon the depth of the channel which they had often sounded, who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of our measure ; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most.

3. I walked toward the northeast coast, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small spyglass and saw the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great

number of transports. I then came back to my house and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle.

4. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the ends into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle till I felt ground.

5. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not have been fewer than thirty thousand people gathered. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end.

6. While I was thus employed, the enemy fired several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face. My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should have certainly lost if I had

not suddenly thought of a means of protecting them.

7. I kept among other things a pair of spectacles in a private pocket. These I took out and



GULLIVER CAPTURES A FLEET.

fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against my spectacles, but without any effect save to knock them back and forth.

8. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors. I therefore let go the cord and boldly cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred arrows in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the largest men-of-war after me.

9. The people of Blefuscu were at first astonished. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought I intended to let the ships run adrift; but when they saw their fleet moving after me, they set up a scream of grief impossible to describe.

10. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo and arrived safe at the port of Lilliput.

11. The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, watching the result of this great adven-

ture. They saw the ships move forward in a large half moon but could not see me, who was up to the breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor thought I was drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching to attack him.

12. But he was soon eased of his fears ; for the channel growing shallower every step I made I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the King of Lilliput !" This great prince received me at my landing with great praise and made me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

13. About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of peace. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was suited to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business.

When the treaty was concluded, they paid me a visit in form, complimenting me upon my valor and generosity, and inviting me, in the name of their emperor, to pay a visit to their country.

XIV.—GULLIVER AMONG GIANTS.

After Gulliver's escape from Lilliput and return home, he goes to sea again, and is driven by storm to an island inhabited by giants, who were as much larger than men as men are larger than Lilliputians. This selection relates some of his experiences.

1. I should have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall relate. My young mistress often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk.

2. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens; and my nurse having set me down, he and I being together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a remark which much offended him.

3. Whereupon the rogue, waiting till I was walking under one of the trees, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a barrel, came tumbling about my ears. One of them hit me on my back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I got no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my request.

4. Another day my young mistress left me on

a smooth grassplot to amuse myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was at once struck to the ground; and, when I was down, the hailstones gave me cruel blows all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls.

5. I was so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad for ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because in that country a hailstone is nearly eighteen hundred times as large as one in England, as I know from actual measurement.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some friends.

6. While she was absent, a small white spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, happened to come near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground.

7. By good fortune, he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the

poor gardener was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word.

8. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She blamed the gardener and scolded him on account of his dog; but the thing was hushed up and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and for myself I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should get about.

9. The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, asked me whether I understood how to manage a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise at rowing might not be good for my health.

I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor on board the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common sailor. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest boat was equal in size to a large ship among us.

10. Her Majesty said if I would make a plan for a boat, her own carpenter should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was a skillful workman, and in ten days



GULLIVER ENTERTAINING THE QUEEN.

finished a pleasure boat able to hold eight men like myself.

When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it to the king, who ordered it to be put in a tub full of water, with me in it, by

way of trial, where I could not manage my two little oars for want of room. But the queen ordered the carpenter to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace.

11. It was so arranged that they could let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own amusement, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who were much pleased with my skill and agility.

12. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering to the right or left as I pleased. When I had done, my mistress carried back my boat into her closet and hung it on a nail to dry.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

XV.—ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky,

The tall trees in the green wood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips, that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

JOHN KEBLE.

XVI. — MY DOG ROLF.

1. "You 've fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you, but our jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads has ever done yet," said Uncle Dick.

"A noble leap, was n't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, being too sleepy to say much.

2. The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said: "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

"We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy. It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend said.

"I soon found that he was right, for, I tell you, boys, by the year's end I would n't have parted with him, not if I had parted with my last shilling, and I'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds.

3. "Ah, you're laughing. You think I'm speaking in fun. Not a bit of it! Listen to my story, and when I get to the end of it you shall laugh, if you like.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope. I stayed there for four years, and they were as happy years, on the whole, as I ever spent anywhere. I saw a great number of new things in the course of them and I made a great number of very kind friends.

"Many a pleasant expedition did I have up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone with my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

4. "I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so I alighted from my horse and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide and the water at my feet was about a fathom

deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself as I threw off my coat.

"Just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding. I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad'; and I clapped his back as I spoke and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve.

5. "But, rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail and wrinkling his nose and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine.

"He had lain, for the quarter of an hour while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position, or had been amusing himself by watching the waves, was more than I knew.

"'What's the matter, old fellow?' I said to him when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you need n't unless you like, only I mean to have one; so down with you and let me get my clothes off.'

6. "But instead of getting down, the creature

began to conduct himself in the strangest way, first seizing me by the trousers with his teeth and pulling me to the edge of the rock as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was, then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I were a big rat that he was trying to worry.

“This pantomime I declare he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

7. “At last I got out of patience with the beast. I could n’t conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and so long as I took no further steps to remove my clothes, he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, and howling with his mouth up in the air.

“At last I lost my temper and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt end of it.

8. “He was quieter after I had struck him,” said Uncle Dick after a little pause. “For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that he was going to give me no more trouble, when all at once just as I had got

ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again. He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards.

"I imagined the poor beast was trying, for some reason of his own, to have his own way. I thought it was my business to teach him that he was not to have his own way, but that I was to have mine; and so I struck him three or four times with the end of my gun, till at last I freed myself from him.



A GOOD SHOT.

9. "He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl; something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me. I think if time enough had been given me I would have

made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant.

“I was standing a few feet in from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the bit of cliff and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then — just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea — my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face, and took the leap before me.

10. “And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff and seize him by the hind legs.

“You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a revolver. I caught it up and fired into the water. I fired three times, and two of the shots went into the brute’s head.

“One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope — some sensitive place at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide.

11. “Then I began with all my might to shout

out 'Rolf!' I couldn't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I didn't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down.

"I called to my poor Rolf with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold of the rock, I jumped down and caught him, and half carried, half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent till we were safe on the dry land again. And then—I—I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all and burst out crying like a child.

12. "He licked the tears off my cheeks, my poor old fellow; I remember that. We looked a strange pair, I dare say, as we lay on the ground together with our heads side by side.

"When I had come to my senses a little, I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature couldn't walk a step. I tore up my shirt and bound his wounds as well as I could, then I put on my clothes and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could, I got him and myself together upon the horse's back, and we began our ride.

13. "There was a village about four or five

miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind legs broken, but he bore it patiently. I never spoke to him but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look lovingly up into my face.

“I got him to a resting place at last after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed ; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped ; and he has gone on limping ever since.

14. “It’s all an old story now, you know,” said Uncle Dick abruptly ; “but it’s one of those things that a man does n’t forget, and that it would be a shame to him if he ever could forget as long as his life lasts.”

Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. As his master had said, it was a grand old head still, though the eyes were growing dim now with age. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

“We’ve been together for fifteen years. He’s getting old now,” said Uncle Dick.

GEORGINA M. CRAIK.

XVII. — HASTE NOT.

1. Without haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
Bear it onward to the tomb.
2. Haste not ; — let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might !
Haste not ; — years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
3. Rest not ; — life is sweeping by ;
Do and dare before you die ;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away !
4. Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide ; —
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! rest not ! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

XVIII. — FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four sunbeams came to the earth one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,

Resolved that their course should be blest.

‘Let us try,’ they all whispered, ‘some kindness
to do —

Not to seek our own pleasure all the day through —
Then meet in the eve at the west.’

One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide-and-seek with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so
bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day —
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom —
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,

And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale ;
And it kissed the poor eyes that had never known
sight
And that never should gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels should lift up the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was
calling,

Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: ' We have found that in seeking the
pleasure
Of others we 've filled to the full our own measure.'
Then softly they sank to their rest.

XIX. — A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

Mr. Bird's School, as pictured in Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," has come to be as real to many young readers as is the schoolboy life described in "Tom Brown at Rugby."

1. "Well, boys, has anything happened during the week that we ought to discuss to-day? Have you any secrets buttoned up in your jackets that you ought to show to me and to the school? Is anything wrong going on which will do harm to the boys?"

"Yes, there is something wrong; I see it," said Mr. Bird. "I see it in several faces; but Tom Kendrick can tell us just what it is. And he will tell us just what it is, for Tom Kendrick never lies."

2. After a little stammering, Tom pronounced the name of Andrews and told in simple, straightforward language how Andrews had been in the habit of relating stories and using words which were immodest; how he had done this in the presence of smaller boys. Tom also testified that other boys besides himself had warned Andrews that if he did not mend his habit he would be reported at the family meeting. There was the utmost silence in the room; the dropping of a pin could have been heard in any part of it.

3. I watched alternately the accuser and the accused, and I trembled in every nerve to see the passion on the features of the latter. His face became pale at first—deathly pale—then livid and pinched, and then it burned with a hot flame of shame and anger. He sat as if he were expecting the roof to fall, and were bracing himself to resist the shock.

4. When Tom took his seat Andrews leaned toward him and muttered something in his ear.

“What does he say to you, Tom?” inquired Mr. Bird.

“He says he’ll flog me for telling,” answered Tom.

“We will attend to that,” said Mr. Bird.

“What have you to say for yourself, Andrews?”

Andrews bit his lips and blurted out: “I think it is mean for one boy to tell on another.”

5. “I don’t,” responded Mr. Bird; “but I’ll tell you what is mean; it is mean for one boy to fill the mind of another with words and thoughts that make him mean; and I should be sorry to believe that I have any other boy in the school who is half so mean as you are. If there is anything to be said about mean boys, you are not the boy to say it.

6. "When boys first come here," said Mr. Bird, "they have those false notions of honor which lead them to cover up all the wrong-doings of their mates; but they lose them just as soon as they find themselves responsible for the good order of our little community. Now we are all citizens of this little town of Hillsborough, in which we live. We have our town authorities and our magistrate, and we are all interested in the good order of the village.

7. "Suppose a man should come here to live who is in the habit of robbing hen-roosts, or setting barns on fire, or getting drunk and beating his wife and children; is it a matter of honor among those citizens who behave themselves properly to shield him in his crimes, and refrain from speaking of him to the authorities? Why, the thing is absurd."

8. Continuing to speak, Mr. Bird said: "I want a vote on this question. I desire that you all vote with perfect freedom. If you are not thoroughly convinced that I am right in this matter, I wish you to vote against me. Now all those boys who believe it to be an honorable thing to report the persistently bad conduct of a schoolmate will rise and stand."

Every boy except Andrews rose, and with head erect stood squarely upon his feet.

9. "Very well," said Mr. Bird, "now sit down, and remember that you are making rules for the government of yourselves. This question is settled for this term, and there is to be no complaint hereafter about what you boys call 'telling on one another.'

"I do not wish you to come to me as tattlers. Indeed, I do not wish you to come to me at all. If any boy does a wrong which I ought to know, you are simply to tell him to report to me what he has done, and if he and I cannot settle the matter together, I will call upon you to help us.

10. "As for this boy, who has offended the school so grossly and shown so defiant a spirit, I propose, with the private assistance of the boys who have testified against him, to make out a literal report of his foul language and forward it to his mother, while at the same time I put him into a stage-coach and send him home."

It was a terrible judgment, and I can never forget the passion depicted upon Andrews's face as he comprehended it. He seemed like one paralyzed.

"Every boy," said Mr. Bird, "who is in favor of this punishment will hold up his right hand.

11. "Well, Tom Kendrick, you were the first to testify against him; what have you to say against this punishment?"

Tom rose, with his lips trembling and every nerve full of excitement. "Please, sir," said Tom, "I should like to have you give Andrews another chance. I think it's an awful thing to send a boy home without giving him one more chance."

12. I watched Andrews with eager eyes during the closing passages of his trial. When Tom rose on behalf of the whole school to plead for him—that he might have one more chance—the defiant look faded from the culprit's face, and he gave a convulsive gulp, as if his heart had risen to his throat and he were struggling to keep it down.

13. When Tom sat down, Andrews rose upon his feet and staggered and hesitated for a moment; then, overcome by shame, grief, and gratitude, he ran rather than walked to where Mrs. Bird was sitting near her husband, and with a wild burst of hysterical sobbing threw himself upon his knees.

"Tom," said Mr. Bird, "I think you are right. You have helped me and helped us all. The lad ought to have another chance, and he shall have one if he desires it."

J. G. HOLLAND.

XX.—LOST IN THE BUSH.

1. Australia is excellent for sheep-farms; but the “bush,” as the uncleared forest-land is called, is desolate and dreary. It was into such bush that, in the winter of 1864, the three little children of a carpenter named Duff, were often sent out to gather broom.

The eldest was a boy nine years old; Jane, his sister, was seven, and little Frank was five. One evening they did not come back, and their parents became alarmed.

2. There are in Australia only dull gum trees with oddly shaped cones and upright leaves, oak trees with hard joints, and monstrous nettle trees. These all grow in such similar shapes and clusters that it is almost impossible for a person once lost to recover his bearings.

Worse than all, the drought is terrible, so that thirst will cause a more painful death than even hunger. Stout men have been known to lie down to die in the forest; and what could be the fate of poor little children?

3. The father and his neighbors in vain shouted “Coo-ee!” (the bush call), and sought the country day after day, until a week had passed. Then he

obtained the aid of some of the natives, who have a wonderful power of tracking the faintest trail in their forests.

They soon made out signs where the children had been, from the bendings of the twigs or the tramlings of the grass.

4. "Here little one tired," they said, "sit down. Big one kneel down; carry him along. Here travel all night; dark — not see that bush; her fall on him." Then came, "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; no get up — fall flat on face."

The children had been lost on Friday afternoon. On Saturday of the next week the guides led the father up to a clump of broom, where lay three little figures, the youngest in the middle, with his sister's frock over his own clothes.

5. The poor father embraced his children, and was comforted in the thought that he could carry them home to their mother. But the eldest boy roused himself, sat up, and said "Father!" then fell back from weakness. Indeed, his lips were so shrunk that they could no longer cover his teeth.

Little Frank awoke as if from a quiet sleep. "Father, why did n't you come before?" he said; "we were calling for you."

6. Jane was scarcely alive; when she was lifted up, she only made a murmur of "Cold ! cold !"

If neither had lived to tell the tale, little Frank's condition would have told how free from selfishness their behavior must have been through all that dreadful week. When the elder brother was carried past the places that the guides had pointed out, his account of their wanderings agreed with what the natives had inferred.

7. He said that this whole time they had been without food, and had only one drink of water—perhaps from the "pitcher plant." This plant is a native of those woods, and has a wonderfully shaped cup which retains water for many weeks.

A man had been known to live eleven days in the bush upon nothing but water; but the endurance of these little ones was even more wonderful.

The children all recovered; and the feeling of admiration for little Jane was so strong that a subscription of several hundred pounds was raised for her.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

XXI. — HOW THE BALL GAME WAS WON.

1. "Have you seen the Indian?" asked Walter Damon of several of his schoolmates at the afternoon recess. "He's going to live with Farmer Heath and work for his board, and he's coming here to school. But I'm going to let him alone."

The Indian boy's gaze followed them. How he wished they would come up and speak to him! though he felt so strange and frightened, he really could not talk himself; so many whites there were, he thought, to only one Indian.

2. At the great Indian school from which he had come were hundreds of boys and girls from all the different tribes, learning to live like white people. Many of these longed for his opportunity. He would improve it, he said, even if he was afraid. But the more shy he felt, the more reserved he appeared.

3. When, however, some of the pupils came to him and tried to be friends, they grew to like the shy Indian lad very much. It was only the older boys, those of about his own age, who persisted in treating him so coldly that at last they and the Indian tried to see which could come nearer to

having nothing to do with each other; and the Indian beat them at it.

4. But just at this time something happened. There was to be a great ball game between the team of this school, the Franklins, and the Gardner Athletes, a famous school team in a neighboring town.

To win would be for the Franklins a triumph worth hard fighting. The boys were skilled players for their age. They believed they had at least as good a chance of success as the other side.

5. But on the very day of the game Fred Lincoln walked into the school yard before the morning session, calling out, "Boys, boys! game's no go!"

"What's up?" cried the boys, clustering about him.

"Campbell's hurt his leg, not an hour ago," he announced.

"The pitcher!" Such a chorus of "oh's" and "too bad's" as went up.

"Why could n't he have waited until to-morrow?" growled Walter Damon.

6. "For shame! Shame!" cried the girls on the outskirts of the group.

"Don't take a fellow up so!" cried the boy. "Of course I'm as sorry as you are. But it's hard on our team."

"That it is!" cried Will Harden. "We'll have to go into school in fifteen minutes, and the Athletes'll be on the grounds this afternoon by the time we can get word to them. And, besides, it's mean and hateful to put things off. They think now we're afraid to play with them. And they'll be sure to think we might have done something if we'd wanted to — got somebody to pitch, you know."

7. "Can't we?" questioned John Nelson. "Think hard, all of you. Isn't there somebody we can get hold of?"

"Not a soul," answered Fred. "I've been trying ever since I heard of it." There fell a silence; everybody was trying to think of some one, and no one succeeded.

At length a slow voice said, "I pitcher." Everybody turned. "I pitcher at school," repeated the Indian. "I pitch for you, if you want me to."

8. Another silence. It was a tremendous risk to take a stranger, and, much more than this, an Indian, on his own statement of his skill, and with him in that important post try a match with

a team that they had barely an even chance with at the best. No wonder that the boys hesitated.

The time was short. The Indian boy must do his best to pitch or the game must be given up.

"Thank you, Eagle," returned Will Harden at last. "We'll be ever so much obliged to you if you'll try. It's good of you," he added impulsively.

9. Not a boy there but remembered keenly how the Indian boy had more than once hung about and watched them longingly. But nobody had felt like taking the trouble to teach him. They had thought that bows and arrows and tomahawks were the only things that Indians cared about. But a ball game! Yes, James Eagle should be installed as pitcher. And thus they would meet the Athletes. John Nelson whispered as they made the arrangement that there would be one consolation if they were beaten, they would have a good reason for it—the Indian would be the reason.

10. James Eagle a pitcher! Was n't he? He was simply magnificent! The boys, watching him, wondered why they had not remembered before the stories of Indian speed and Indian strength and skill. The pitcher of the Athletes was no-

where beside him. Eagle carried all before him. In place of their merely holding their own and a little more, as they had hoped for, the Franklins scored finely and came home jubilant.

11. From that day Eagle had no reason to complain of being lonely ; he had to decline offers of sport, instead of longing for them. And, more at his ease now with his schoolmates, he often showed a quaint humor which surprised them.

“You’re just like white people, after all, when one comes to know you, Eagle,” said Walter Damon one day with a little condescension. “Just like us Americans !”

12. The Indian boy straightened himself and looked at the speaker.

“No,” he said, “not like white people, not *like* Americans. I am the American.”

Will Harden laughed.

“Yes, you are the only real American among us all,” he said after a moment’s thought, and added, “That’s so, boys. Three cheers for the American pitcher !”

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

XXII.—TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

The following familiar story of Benjamin Franklin's boyhood carries in it a lesson which has seldom been so well wrought out.

1. When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

2. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

3. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death.

4. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

5. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an axe to grind."

6. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

7. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

XXIII.—AN ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

1. More than a hundred years ago, when the vast northern region of this country was little better than a wilderness, a bold hunter made his camp at the extreme end of the Great Lakes.

He knew every river and creek, every hill and valley in the great woods, and he had studied the cunning ways and the bright tricks of the beaver, the otter, the mink, and the marten, until he knew just where and how to set his traps for these furry creatures.

2. Thomas—so the bold hunter was called—bought many skins from the friendly Indians who lived near; and every year he took a valuable load to the nearest trading-post to sell, bringing back powder and lead; with tea, sugar, and other good things for his table. At one time he bought a pair of skates, which he thought would be useful when the ice was smooth.

3. One very cold, clear day he went to visit some traps, almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated along the shore of the lake as far as he could, and then took off his skates and put on his snowshoes to travel into the woods a mile or two over the deep snow.

4. Suddenly his good dog Bruno, which had been running ahead on a deer track, stopped, sniffed the air, and began to growl. Before Thomas could raise his rifle to his shoulder he was surrounded by Indians who had sprung from their hiding places in the thicket, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling fiercely.

5. The old man was brave, but he was not rash enough to fight against such odds; so he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He knew but little of their language, and they could speak even less of his; but by signs and motions he let them know that he was not on the warpath, but only hunting for furs.

6. When the Indians understood that Thomas was not on the warpath, they ceased to threaten him, and were much interested in his arms and dress, for they had not at that time seen many white men. The snowshoes they understood all about, but the skates puzzled them.

7. As the hunter saw the curiosity of the Indians, a happy thought occurred to him, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasin," he said, putting a skate to his foot, and then he made with his hands the gliding motion that the feet take in skating.

8. "Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing at the narrow blade of the skate and shaking his head. As plainly as looks could do it, he made the hunter understand that he was not so foolish as to believe that anybody could stand up on those things.

9. As they were near the ice, and the skates seemed to offer the only way of gaining an advantage, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for a trial.

The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for they are great lovers of sport. Selecting a courageous young fellow, the chief bade him put out his feet, which he did, but not very willingly. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young brave was helped to his feet.



THE TRAPPER'S ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

10. The ice was like glass, and as he started to move, his feet flew from under him and down he came! Such shouts of laughter the rest set up! The young fellow was determined and scrambled to his feet again, but with the same result.

11. The chief now signaled to the hunter to show them how the things worked. Thomas fastened on the skates with great care, picked up his rifle and used it as a cane, pretending to support himself. He moved about awkwardly, fell down, got up and stumbled around, while the Indians laughed and capered to see the sport.

12. Gradually he moved farther away, whirling about and making believe that it was hard work to keep his balance. Suddenly he grasped his rifle firmly, gave a war-whoop as wild as the Indians' own, and dashed up the lake like an arrow, skating as he had never skated before.

13. If he had disappeared in the air, the Indians would not have been more astonished. Of course they could not hope to catch him over the glassy ice, and they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moccasins." Nothing pleased old Thomas more, in after years, than to tell how he escaped from the redskins.

XXIV.—THE MUTINEER.

1. Once upon a time there was a coffee planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood the stumps still remained.

Dynamite is expensive and slow-fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the elephant, the lord of all beasts. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter therefore hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work.

2. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and the superior beast's name was Moti Guj.

Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he had a magnificent pair of tusks; or he pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders, while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants.

3. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food

with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed.

Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet, and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears.

4. After inspection, the two would "come up with a song from the sea," — Moti Guj all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long, wet hair. It was a peaceful life until Deesa wished to go away on a journey.

"Deesa," said the planter, "I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you are away. You know that he will obey only your orders."

5. "I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the Heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the lordly tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, give ear," said Deesa, standing in front of him.

6. Moti Guj gave ear and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

"But you must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

7. "I shall be gone for ten days, O Delectable One. Hold up your near fore foot and I'll impress the fact upon it."

Deesa took a tent peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you must work and haul and root trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!"

Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy ankus, the iron elephant goad.

a. Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still. Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding the man good-by.

9. "He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn notwithstanding. Chihun gave him balls of spices and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling. But Moti Guj wanted the light of his universe back again—the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

10. None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck. Return, Splendor of the Hill-sides, Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

11. Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj; and that was all—that and the fore-bent ears.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "hrrumping" him into the veranda. Then he stood out-

side the house chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

12. "We'll thrash him," said the planter. "Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve feet of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twelve blows."

Kala Nag — which means Black Snake — and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishments, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj.

13. Never in all his life of thirty-nine years had Moti Guj been whipped, and he did not intend to open new experiences. So he waited, waving his head to right and left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk would sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was his badge of authority; but he judged it wise to swing wide of Moti Guj's at the last minute, as if he had brought out the chain for amusement. Nazim turned around and went home. He did not feel in fighting trim.

14. That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his inspection of the

clearing, where he wandered to and fro till sundown, when he returned to his pickets for food.

"If you won't work you sha'n't eat," said Chihun angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby, rolling on the floor of the hut, stretched its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk, and the brown baby threw itself shouting upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air, twelve feet above his father's head.

15. "Flour cakes of the best shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds of fresh-cut sugar-cane," cried Chihun. "Deign only to put down safely that insignificant child, who is my heart and my life to me."

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his fore feet and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away.

16. At midnight Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him.

So all that night he chased through the under-

growth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer.

17. At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He expected to fall into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he found that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured; for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters.

18. Moti Guj heard and came. He was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy." Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee clearing to look for irksome stumps. The planter was too much astonished to be very angry.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

XXV. — MAGGIE'S FLIGHT.

1. Maggie thought her misery had reached a pitch at which gypsydom was her only refuge. She would run away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies ; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any more.

At last the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She crept through the bars and walked on with new spirit.

2. At the next bend in the lane she saw the little semicircular black tent with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the trials of civilized life.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke — doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries.

It was plain she had attracted attention ; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her.

“My little lady, where are you going?” the gypsy said in a tone of coaxing deference.

3. "Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm come to stay with *you*, please."

"Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure!" said the gypsy, taking her by the hand.

Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group around the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground, occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam; two small children were resting on their elbows something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

4. The young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said:—

"What! my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story. Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said:—

5. "I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Oh, what a nice little lady! and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Did n't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm fond of the river where we go fishing; but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. I can tell you almost everything in my books, I've read them so many times. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

6. Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush; she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies, and gaining great influence over them.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly; but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea. . . . I want my tea so."

The last words burst from Maggie in spite of

herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

7. "Here's a bit of nice victuals," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea nor butter," said the old woman with something like a scowl.

8. Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes; but they were checked by a new terror, when two men came up whose approach had been the cause of a sudden excitement.

The men seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation implied curiosity on one side and the power of satisfying it on the other.

The men seated themselves and began to attack the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

9. "Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit of

this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite.



MAGGIE AND THE GYPSIES.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit — come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile

in a friendly way. "I have n't time, I think — it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and things."

10. Maggie rose from her seat ; but her hope of reaching home safely sank when the old gypsy woman said : "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady ; we'll take you home all safe when we've done supper."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now then, little miss," said the younger man, rising and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live ; what is the name of the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly.

"What ! a big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?"

11. "Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off ? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, we must make haste. The donkey will carry you as nice as can be — you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke and set her on the donkey. When the woman had patted her

on the back and said "Good-by," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk.

At last—oh, sight of joy!—this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad. The gypsy really meant to take her home.

12. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well. She was considering how she might open a conversation with the gypsy, when, as they reached a crossroad, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

13. "The little miss lost herself," said the gypsy. "She came to our tent at the end of Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It is a good way to come after being on the tramp all day."

"Oh, yes, father, he has been very good to

bring me home," said Maggie; "a very good, kind man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you ever did. Here, lift her up before me."

14. "Why, Maggie, how's this?" he said as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy — Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it."

"You must n't think of running away from father," said Mr. Tulliver soothingly. "What would father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening. The effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard a taunt from Tom about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies.

GEORGE ELIOT.

XXVI.—SOLDIER'S SONG OF THE SNOW.

Halt!—the march is over!
Day is almost done;
Loose the cumbrous knapsack,
Drop the heavy gun:
Chilled and wet and weary,
Wander to and fro,
Seeking wood to kindle
Fires amidst the snow.

Round the bright blaze gather,
Heed not sleet or cold,—
Ye are Spartan soldiers,
Stout and brave and bold;
Never Xerxian army
Yet subdued a foe
Who but asked a blanket,
On a bed of snow.

Shivering midst the darkness,
Christian men are found,
There devoutly kneeling
On the frozen ground,
Pleading for their country,
In its hour of woe,—

For its soldiers marching
Shoeless through the snow.

Lost in heavy slumbers,
Free from toil and strife,
Dreaming of their dear ones —
Home, and child, and wife ;
Tentless they are lying
While the fires burn low,
Lying in their blankets,
Midst December's snow !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

XXVII. — A BRAVE RESCUE.

1. It happened upon a November evening that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another.

The old white drake, the father of all,—a bird of high manners, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley-meal, and the first to show fight to a dog intruding upon his family,—this fine fellow was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly.

2. The brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for tadpoles, and caddice-worms, and other game,—this brook which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it.

3. There is always a hurdle, six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. The use of this hurdle is to keep our cows at milking time from straying away there to drink, and to fence strange cattle from coming along the bed of the brook unknown to steal our substance.

But now this hurdle, which hung in summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. The torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, thatched with the drift stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters.

4. But saddest to see, between two bars, who but our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell!

For a moment I could not help laughing; because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look with his one little eye (having lost one in a fight with a turkey), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it.

5. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt, by the way he spluttered and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute, and let frogs triumph over his body.

6. I was about to rush into the water, when a

man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

7. With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare, — she was just the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful, — and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty fore legs sloped further and further in front of her, her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee.

8. Then she looked back and wondered at him; but he bade her go on. On she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking.

As the rush swept her away, and she struck with her fore feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude.

9. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden; but, though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

10. "Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said as he patted her cheek; "but I had good reason, Winnie, dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two pepper corns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs.

11. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail-feathers; then away he went into the courtyard, where his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, giving thanks for his great deliverance.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

XXVIII. — THE PRODIGAL SON.

1. A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want.

2. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

3. And he arose, and came to his father. But

while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight : I am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet : and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry : for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

4. Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in : and his father came out, and intreated him.

5. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine : and yet

thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

LUKE xv. 11-32.

(Revised Version.)

XXIX. — THE FORGIVEN DEBT.

1. Among the old merchants who transacted business on Long Wharf in Boston, when I was a boy, was one whom I recollect often to have heard spoken of in terms of the highest praise for his great kindness and generosity. As he was for many years largely engaged in the fishing business, his name was familiar to all the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod. This noble merchant died at a good old age, and, as he left no will, his eldest son was appointed to settle the estate and divide the property among the heirs.

2. After the death of the old merchant, a package of very considerable size was found among his papers, carefully tied up, and labeled as follows: "Notes, due bills, and accounts against sundry persons down alongshore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had 'fisherman's luck.' My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this packet entire."

3. "About a month after our father died," said one of them to me, "the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our eldest brother,

the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already informed, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it.

4. "Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, — a man of strong, impulsive temperament, — unable at the moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a sudden movement of the other toward the fireplace indicated his desire to have the paper put into the flames.

5. "It was suggested by another of our number that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates and accounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment that their debts were forgiven. On the following day we again assembled; the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

6. "It was about four months after, in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, there came in a hard-favored little old

man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years.

7. "He asked if my brother was not the executor. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died without making a will. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother, being at the moment engaged, requested him to be seated.

8. "The old man sat down, and, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather wallet, and began to count his money. When he had done, — and there was quite a parcel of notes, — as he sat, waiting his turn, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed ; I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list.

9. "My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions, his name, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars; it had stood a long time, and, with the interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance — the old man's name was there !

10. "My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them which I shall never forget. 'Your note is outlawed,' said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount.'

11. "'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed, but I should like to pay it'; and he laid the bank notes before my brother, and requested him to count them over.

"'I cannot take this money,' said my brother.

"The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,' said he. 'I will pay you compound interest if you say so. That debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent; he knew I had been unfortunate, and told me not to worry about it.'

12. "My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bills, returned them to the old man, telling him that, although our father had left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes,

due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

13. "For a moment the worthy old man seemed to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped and pinched to get the money together for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference. I did so — and now what will my wife say ?

14. "'I must get home to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted: "*I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*"'

"With a blessing upon our father's memory, the old man went upon his way rejoicing.

"After a short silence, seizing his pencil and making a few figures, 'There,' exclaimed my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation.'"

XXX. — KINDNESS BEARS INTEREST.

1. A famous painter named Delacroix was at work upon a large picture. All sorts of people were to be in it, — rich and poor, some shabbily dressed, and some in the gayest clothing; men who worked hard every day, and men who had never done a day's work in their lives.

2. Among them was to be a beggar, such as you often see in Spain and Italy, bent with age, wearing a huge broad-brimmed soft felt hat on his head, and a coarse woolen cloak, patched in many places, reaching down to his heels, with no shoes, but his feet wrapped in pieces of untanned sheepskin, tied with thongs, and carrying a thick stick to steady his tottering steps.

3. The painter lived in one of the cities of northern Europe. He could not go out into the streets, and in half an hour find just such a beggar as he wished to paint, and bring him into his studio, as he could have done in Rome or Madrid. And it would have been very expensive to take his picture to either of those cities and paint the beggar there.

4. He had hoped that he might in his northern home see a man that would do. He told a pupil

of his how much he was troubled because he could not find a man whose head and face were right. His face must be good, the eyes bright, the nose large, yet not too large, the mouth well shaped, the lips neither too thick nor too thin. He had walked for days through one street after another, in that part of the city where the poor chiefly lived, but not yet had he seen the head and face that were just what he wished.

5. Delacroix was something like Diogenes. That philosopher, you remember, walked through the streets of Athens one day with a lighted lantern in his hand. Some of the people thought he was crazy. Some asked him what he was doing. His answer was, "I am looking for a man."

6. He meant a particular kind of man, — brave, true, and good. He thought that there were so few such men in Athens that it needed more light than the sun gave to find one.

Like Diogenes, only without his lighted lantern, the painter sought a long time in vain to find the particular kind of man that he wanted.

7. In the same city lived the richest man in Europe. He was one of the Rothschilds, — a family so wealthy that kings and emperors have often borrowed their millions. His house was like a

palace. Pictures costing thousands of dollars hung on the walls, curtains of lace draped the windows. Tables of the choicest mahogany shone almost like glass; others, made of stones of different kinds and colors, skillfully fitted together, looked like paintings of famous ruins, or of beautiful flowers and brilliant butterflies. The carpets were as soft as velvet; the rugs were the finest that the workmen of India and Persia could weave.

Among the pictures were some that Delacroix himself had painted.

8. One day Rothschild invited the painter to dine with him. During the dinner Delacroix again and again fixed his eyes upon his host, as if he cared to see nothing else. The best of dainties were before him. The salmon had been brought on ice from Norway; the grouse had been shot on the famous moors of Scotland; the venison came from the Black Forest of Germany, while the puddings and sweetmeats were the most tempting that could be had.

9. But the painter seemed scarcely to know or care what was upon his plate. He sat like a machine. All the time he was looking at the face of his host. He cared to see nothing else.

It was the very face that he had been so long

hoping to see, and for which he had vainly searched the streets of the city. The dark, bright eyes, the finely curved nose, the forehead marked with lines of thought, the well-formed mouth and lips, all were before him. But the face and its features belonged to no beggar. They were those of the richest man in Europe.

10. When any one looks at you very often, or very long, you generally become aware of it. You seem, as one says, to feel his glance. So Baron Rothschild felt that Delacroix was looking at him, instead of eating his venison and grouse and plum pudding.

“Why are you looking at me so steadily?” he asked at length of his guest.

11. “Pardon me,” said Delacroix. “You are fond of pictures. You are generous to painters. I know that you will not be offended. I am painting a picture in which a man is to be shown whose face I wish to make just like yours.

“But he is to be a beggar, clad in a patched and tattered cloak, like those you see so often in Spain. I have searched the city in vain to find one. I am almost in despair. Could I ask you to come to my studio to-morrow and let me paint you as the beggar in my picture?”

12. "Nothing would please me better," said Rothschild, greatly amused.

The next morning he was at the studio and Delacroix dressed him as one of the poorest of beggars and began to paint.

While he was doing so, who should come in but the poor student who was taking lessons from Delacroix. Seeing Rothschild, and supposing him really a beggar, he said: "So you have found your beggar at last. Well done! In Rome or Madrid you could get no better."

13. He took from his pocket a gold piece worth five dollars and slipped it into Rothschild's hand.

The Baron learned from Delacroix that the young man was poor and was working hard to support himself by giving lessons in painting.

Some time passed. One day the youth received a letter saying that kindness, like money, bore interest—that his had done so, and that if he would call at the office of Baron Rothschild he would find there a sum of ten thousand francs at his disposal.

14. It is hard to say which of the two had the greater pleasure, and which we more admire, the poor youth who generously gave of his little to one whom he thought poorer than himself, or the rich man who so generously repaid the other's kindness.

XXXI. — THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

1. He who at the anvil stands,
Striking while the iron glows,
Though he works with iron hands,
Nobly strikes the ringing blows.
At the loom, and in the field,
In the shop, and on the soil,
Where men wisely power wield,
There is dignity in toil.
2. He who works with throbbing brain,
Thinks to teach men how to live,
Writes, that others good may gain,
Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give,—
He can claim the manly right
With the sons of toil to stand;
He asserts his mental might,
Helps to bless his native land.
3. He who lives a life of ease,
Idly wasting all his days—
Aiming only self to please,
Filled with pride and courting praise;
Call him not a noble man,
Such existence is a sham;

And when ends his life's blank span,
Soon will die his empty name.

4. Labor brings reward and rest,
Educates the latent powers;
And he serves his age the best
Who employs his golden hours;
Working not beyond his might,
Toiling not against his will,
And, beneath his Master's sight,
Glad his mission to fulfill.
5. All things labor for our good :
He who made us never sleeps;
He who tills the ground for food
For his pains a harvest reaps.
None who work need feel ashamed,
As they do what good they can :
'T is an honor to be named
As we toil, "A working man."

XXXII. — PAINSTAKING.

1. Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor that has ever lived, was one day explaining to a visitor what he had been doing to a statue since a previous visit: "I have retouched this part, polished that; softened this feature, brought out that muscle; given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." — "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. — "It may be so," said the sculptor; "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

2. A little done well is better than much done badly. Do a thing over and over again, till you can do it well. The true worker is marked by careful attention and painstaking. Impatience, hurry, and haste lead to error. Carefulness and accuracy are marks of good training.

3. A story is told of a man who once, when angry, spoke thus to a person who had risen to a high position: "Sir, I remember when you were only a drummer boy." — "And didn't I drum well?" was the reply. The same answer was once given by one to whom it was rudely said: "Sir, I remember when you cleaned my father's shoes." — "True, sir," was the reply;

“and didn’t I do them well?” Learn, then, never to despise your work; whatever it is, try to do it well.

4. Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter’s shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other “didn’t care.” One read and studied books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun better, and often went with other boys to have what he called “a good time.”

“Come,” he would say to his friend, “leave your old books. Come with us. What’s the use of all this reading and painstaking?”

5. While the boys were still apprentices, an offer was made of four hundred dollars for the best plan for a public building that was about to be erected in a country town. The studious boy saw the advertisement and thought he would venture to try for the prize. Perhaps he did not really expect to gain it, but still he thought, “There is nothing like trying.” After a careful study, and with much painstaking, he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee.

6. In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter’s shop and inquired if

an architect of the name of Wilberforce worked there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I have an apprentice of that name." — "Let me see him," said the gentleman.

7. The youth was summoned and informed that his plans had been accepted, and that the prize was his! The gentleman then said that he must put up the building; and his employer was so pleased with his success that he willingly gave him permission to go.

8. The studious, painstaking carpenter became a great architect. He made a fortune and rose high in public estimation; while his fellow-apprentice continued to be a poor, inferior workman, and could hardly earn food for himself and family by daily labor.

XXXIII. — A LUMBERMAN'S STORY.

The following graphic story was told to Audubon. It is here given in the famous naturalist's own words.

1. Two hours before day the snorting of horses and lowing of our cattle, which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us.

I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great fear.

2. On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brush-wood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far-extended line.

I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

3. We mounted our horses and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck

close to me ; and my daughter. then a small child, I took in one arm. While making off, I looked back, and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us and had already laid hold of the house.

4. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live-stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while ; but before an hour had elapsed they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last of them.

5. My dogs, though at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in great numbers sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament as ourselves.

6. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles distant, which might possibly check the flames ; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over fallen trees and brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

7. By this time we could feel the heat ; and we were every instant afraid that our horses would drop down. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale.

The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that when she turned toward either of us our grief and perplexity were greatly increased.

8. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses ; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake our hearts failed us.

The heat and the smoke were insufferable, and sheets of blinding fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again.

9. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through

the woods. Such a night may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

10. The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to one side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh.

The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell.

11. When morning came all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and

the flames had gone past ; so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him and unmanly to despair.

12. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go amongst the burnt trees.

13. Taking up the child, I led the way over the rocks and hot ground ; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire, and came soon to a house, where we were kindly treated. Since then I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberman ; and, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy.

XXXIV. — THE SAILOR BOY OF HAVRE.

1. A French brig was returning to Havre with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. On the coast it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. The captain was an experienced sailor, and at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast. He gave orders to put out to sea, but the winds and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

2. Among the most active on board in doing all that he could to help was a lad of twelve years, who was serving as cabin boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the fold of a sail, the sailors thought that he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked round to see if it had not carried the poor boy with it; but James was soon up again, unhurt. "My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

3. His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor, and had a large family. James loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carry-

ing to her his little treasure, — two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

4. The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash; the vessel had struck on a rock.

5. "Lower the boats!" cried the captain.

The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this we may all get on shore."

6. "But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Whoever should attempt to run such a risk would certainly be dashed to pieces."

"Well," said the captain in a low tone, "we must all die together."

At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

7. "What is the matter there?" inquired the captain.

"Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin boy is asking to swim to the shore with a strong string round his body to draw the cable after him"; and he pushed James into the midst of the circle.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain roughly.

8. But James was not to be so easily discouraged. "Captain," said he timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these; it does not matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened to the shore, or I will perish in the attempt."

9. "Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easily as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little James.

The captain hesitated ; but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

10. James hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned, and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as it is not impossible that I may be lost, may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties.

11. "Here, then, captain," replied James, holding out two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of cloth; "if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother. She lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters?"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

12. "Oh! then, I will willingly try to save you," cried James, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all was prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length. "I must forbid it."

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors; "it is disgraceful to us all that this little cabin boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided James in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the heroic boy.

13. They all leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained. At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar.

Soon the practiced eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then again distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord and tried to guess, by its movements, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

14. This anxiety lasted more than an hour; the ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at

unequal periods. All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that James had reached the shore.

15. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore and found means to save the others.

16. The little cabin boy was long ill in consequence of his fatigue and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little James rejoiced in having suffered for her, and in having saved so many lives, and felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

XXXV. — BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close ;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come —
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.

However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power ;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.

When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

ALEXANDER SMART.

XXXVI. — THE BRAVE SHEPHERD GIRL.

1. Many years ago, there was born in France a child whom her parents called Joan. Her home was in a great forest among the Vosges Mountains.

At that time there were no schools anywhere for the children of working people, and Joan was never taught to read or write or cipher. She did not even know the alphabet.

2. Yet she went to a wonderful kindergarten, and she had the best of teachers. They were the mountains and the fields and the bubbling streams.

And what did she learn?

She knew all the trees that grew in the forest, and the flowers that bloomed in the fields. She knew the nimble deer, and the climbing wild goat, and the beavers that built their dam in the stream. She knew where the earliest violets bloomed, and the buttercups and the daisies. And she learned in her kindergarten how to be useful.

3. In autumn, when chestnuts were ripe and the people gathered their winter store for making chestnut-meal bread, little Joan took her basket and picked beside her father.

When old enough she tended her father's sheep,

and she and Wolfnose, the dog, used to watch them for hours together. She gave them names, and they all knew her voice. When she called, "Come, come," they would all look up from the grass, stop eating, trot up and gather about her.

4. One day, when she was twelve years old, a very strange thing happened. She was in her father's garden. Everything suddenly seemed to be bright about her. The bushes were lit up like Christmas trees, and all their leaves were gleaming; and the roses were redder than ever before, the pinks were pinker, the lilies grew whiter than snow. She thought that some of God's glory had come from the skies to the garden.

5. And then in the brightness she heard a voice speaking. It seemed to come from heaven. It called her name. I think she was dreaming a beautiful dream, but she always said that an angel spoke. The words that he uttered were these: "Joan, do what is right, and God will keep thee."

Then the light that had shone in the garden faded, but it never grew pale in the soul of the child. And always the angel seemed to be near her, telling her still of God's kindness and care. She never forgot his words.

6. Day by day in her cottage home she was kind

and helpful. She went to the spring for water, and she milked the cow night and morning. Often she said: "Mother, what can I do for you now? Let me make the bread; let me get dinner ready. I'm young and strong, and you must not overwork yourself." The people that knew her all said that Joan was a good girl and pleasant in all her ways.

7. And who do you think she was? The greatest woman that ever was born in France. We think that Washington was a great man. Joan of Arc did for France what he did for the United States.

When she was a child, the English ruled over more than half of France. It belonged to England, just as our thirteen colonies did.

But sadder things were done by the English in France than in the American colonies.

8. All the people of England are sorry to-day for the cruelties done by their forefathers there. As the armies of English soldiers marched through the country, they sometimes took all that the poor farmers had. They stole their horses and sheep and cows, the hay in the barns, the grain in the bins. They trampled over the planted fields and stripped the trees in the orchards. Sometimes

they drove the people out of their homes and burned the little cottages.

9. The French had a prince named Charles. He should have been leading his soldiers to battle, and driving the English out of the land. But he was not brave. He cared for nothing but eating and drinking and sport. He thought hunting wild boars in the forest was far better fun and very much safer, too, I suppose. Washington had no time to hunt in the War of the Revolution, except to hunt English armies. But Charles had time for everything but his country.

10. You may think how dreadful it was for the people. Some were suffering. All were afraid. Joan heard sad tales when she went every Sunday to church. There were no newspapers then, but after service was over, the people met in the churchyard and told one another the news. Sometimes a stranger passed the night at her father's cottage, and after supper her parents and she sat by the blazing fire of birch logs and heard the news from him.

11. The stories were all alike; and the worst of it was that things grew no better. One battle followed another, and always the poor French were beaten.



THE BRAVE SHEPHERD GIRL.

And now one of the largest cities in France, called Orleans, was besieged by the English army. English soldiers were all around the city. No one could come out through the gates to get food from the country; no one could take any in. Thousands of men and women and children lived there. Soon they would be starving and dying.

12. Then the shepherd girl again had dreams. Again the brightness came down from heaven; again the angel spoke.

Joan was now seventeen years of age. In appearance she was not unlike other peasant girls. Her beauty was within. Her heart was tender and brave; and the thought

came into that heart that God had chosen her to help France.

13. She rode to the home of the coward prince and begged him to give her troops. She would rescue Orleans. God, she said, had sent an angel to bid her do it.

Charles was astonished, and no wonder. You and I would have been. Think of a girl only seventeen years old commanding an army.

14. However, Charles could do nothing. He thought Joan might. He gave her five thousand men. She rode at their head, carrying a white silk banner that she herself had embroidered with lilies. She made them as brave as herself.

She managed to pass unseen through the lines of English troops that encircled Orleans. The gates were opened, and she entered the city.

15. What a wonderful change she made there! Men that were skulking away in their houses, hopeless and fearing to fight, became like so many lions. She led them out through the gates against the English. Their souls were on fire. They felt that God was with them when Joan was their leader. The English were beaten and Orleans was saved.

XXXVII. — LITTLE ARTHUR'S PRAYER.

1. The little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the larger, among whom was Tom, sat on one another's beds, chatting, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. He could hardly bear to take off his jacket; however, with an effort off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

2. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?" — "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washstand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the boys were already in bed, sitting up, with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

3. It was a trying moment for the poor little

lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur. He did not see what had happened and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy.

4. Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

5. At this moment the last boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and in another minute the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle and

toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, gentlemen."

6. Many of the boys took to heart that little scene before they slept. Tom was wide awake; sleep seemed to have deserted his pillow. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years before, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow; and he lay down and cried as if his heart would break.

7. Poor Tom! his first and most bitter feeling was a sense of his own cowardice. The poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring; and then, in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray.

8. Not five words could he say; the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room; what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

9. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart — the lesson that he who has conquered his own cowardly spirit has conquered the whole outward world. He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect that would be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt; but this passed off soon, and, one by one, all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

THOMAS HUGHES.

XXXVIII.—THE KING AND THE GOOSEHERD.

1. Maximilian, king of Bavaria, was one of the best beloved monarchs that ever sat upon a throne. He used to tell this story about himself, and when you have read it you will not greatly wonder that such a man should have won the hearts of the people.

2. One summer morning, in plain walking dress, he had gone out for a walk in his park, taking a book as his companion. The weather was sultry, and the king, who had seated himself under an old oak, fell asleep; and on awaking resumed his walk without taking up his book, which had fallen under the seat.

3. After he had walked about half a mile homeward, the king fumbled in his pockets for his book, and, not finding it, remembered that he had left it under the oak. Unwilling to lose it and not caring to go back for it, he looked around for a messenger, but could see no one except a lad who was looking after a flock of geese.

4. So, calling the boy to him, the king promised him a florin if he would run for the book. The poor gooseherd cast an incredulous look on the stout gentleman who made him this handsome

“You herd the geese!” said the lad with a laugh; “a pretty gooseherd you would make! You are too fat and too old. Just look at the ‘court gander’ there — with the black head and wings; he is always trying to get me into a scrape; he is ringleader whenever there is any mischief in the wind. He would lead you a pretty dance.”

a. “Never mind the geese,” said the king with a smothered laugh; “I’ll answer for them, and I’ll pay all damages.”

So at last the gooseherd placed the whip in the king’s hand and set out. But scarcely had he gone a dozen footsteps when he turned back.

“What’s the matter now?” called out the king.

“Crack the whip!” cried the boy.

The monarch tried to do as he was bid, but no snap came from the whip.

9. “Just as I thought,” said the lad. So saying, he snatched the whip from the king’s hands and made all the geese tremble to hear the dreaded sound, while showing the king how to produce it.

King Maximilian entered into the joke and did his best to learn his lesson. At last the gooseherd started off, but not without many doubts and many

shakings of his little head. The king sat down and indulged in a hearty laugh, all forgetful of his charge; and the "court gander" was not slow in learning that the whip was in some other hand than his master's.

10. With one or two shrill calls to his companions, he took the lead into the forbidden meadow, and was followed by the whole flock. The king made a dash forward to prevent the flock from flying over, but his royal limbs were far from agile; he tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts were in vain. Away went the geese over the marshy meadow, leaving the royal herdsman alone in his glory.

11. The monarch was half amused and half ashamed on the return of the gooseherd with the book.

"Just as I expected," said the boy; "I have found the book, but you have lost the geese."

"Never mind," said the king, smiling; "I will help you to get them together again."

12. The boy posted the monarch in a certain spot, and told him to wave his arms and to shout with all his might if the geese tried to pass him. The runaways heard the terrible whip and ran together in fear. By one or two well-directed

blows on the back of the "court gander" the ringleader was brought under control, and the whole cackling herd driven back.

13. As soon as the boy saw the flock feeding again in their own pasture, he scolded the king soundly for his neglect. Maximilian bore his scolding meekly, and said he hoped the boy would excuse his awkwardness, for, being the king, he was not used to the work.

The gooseherd thought the old gentleman was joking. "I was a simpleton," said he, "to trust you with the geese; but I am not such a simpleton as to believe you are the king."

14. "Well," said Maximilian with a smile, "here is another florin as a peace-offering."

The boy took the florin with a doubtful gaze upon the benevolent face of the donor and said, with a wise shake of the head, as the king was leaving: "You're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but take my word for it, you'll never make a gooseherd."

VON SCHEUER.

XXXIX. — A DOG OF FLANDERS.

I.

1. Nello was a little Belgian boy; Patrasche was a big Flemish dog. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. They loved one another very greatly.

2. Their home was a little hut on the edge of a village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the northeast, beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea.

It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man,—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

3. When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died and had left him in legacy her two-year-old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took the

additional burden, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello — which was but a pet diminutive for Nicolas — thrived with him, and the old man and the child lived in the poor little hut contentedly.

4. It was a very humble little mud hut indeed, but it was clean and white as a seashell, and stood in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins.

They were very poor, terribly poor; many a day they had nothing at all to eat. They never by any chance had enough.

5. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-natured creature; and they were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more of earth or heaven, save indeed that Patrasche should be always with them, since without him where would they have been?

6. For Patrasche was their treasury and granary; their store of gold and wand of wealth; their bread-winner and minister; their only friend and comforter. Patrasche dead or gone from them, they must have laid themselves down and died likewise. He was body, brains, hands, head, and feet to both of them.

For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

7. A dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century—slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the daily toil of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

8. Patrasche had been born of parents who had labored hard all their days over the sharp-set stones of the various cities and the long, weary roads of the two Flanders and of Brabant. He had been born to no other heritage than those of pain and of toil.

9. Before he was fully grown he had known the burden of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price, because he was so young.

10. His purchaser was a sullen, ill-living, brutal man, who heaped his cart full of pots and pans and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe.

11. Happily for Patrasche — or unhappily — he was very strong; he came of an iron race, long born and bred to such cruel toil; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence, under the lash, the hunger, the thirst, and the exhaustion which are the wages paid by the Flemish masters to the most patient and laborious of servants.

II.

1. One day, after two years of this painful life, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Rubens.

It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip.

2. His hard master had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draught from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust and sore with blows, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth and fell.

3. He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy — kicks, and blows with a cudgel of oak; which had often been the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, offered to him.

But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curse. He lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust.

4. After a while the cruel master, deeming life gone in him, struck off the leathern bands of the harness, left the dying dog, and pushed the cart lazily along the road up hill.

It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons and in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on

to Louvain. Some saw him, most did not even look; all passed on.

5. After a time there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust amongst the pleasure-seekers.

He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and gazed at the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

6. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met, — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

7. Old Jehan, with much laborious effort, drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

8. Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they, too, had grown to care for him,—this lonely old man and the little happy child.

9. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in his delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

10. So then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

11. But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. He lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now the old soldier Jehan could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily into the town of Antwerp the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle.

12. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity — more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

13. Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go that first day when he had got well and was lying in the sun.

The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it, and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified, as plainly as dumb show could do, his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. Jehan resisted long,

for the old man was one of those who thought it a shame to bind dogs to labor for which nature never formed them.

14. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid; finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it; and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

15. When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch, for he grew feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended.

16. As for Patrasche, it seemed happiness to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with

a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would,— to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander



NELLO AND PATRASCHE AT WORK.

in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

17. A few years later old Jehan, who had always been a cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more.

Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, and sold the milk, and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

18. The little Nello was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat; and many an artist sketched the group as they went by him, — the green cart with the brass flagons of milk, and the great tawny-colored, massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him, which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face, like the little fair children of Rubens.

19. Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun, and see them go forth through the garden wicket, doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return.

20. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent, and healthful.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

NOTE. — For a sequel to this charming selection from "A Dog of Flanders," see p. 193.

XL. — THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1. Amid the prayers and good wishes of a vast crowd of onlookers, Columbus set sail from Palos, on the 3d of August, 1492, and steered directly for the Canary Islands. Day by day he wrote down what happened, and this book, in his own handwriting, is still preserved in the city of Madrid.

2. It was soon seen that his vessels were utterly unfit for a long voyage. They had scarcely left port when the *Pinta* was found to be in distress. The rudder had broken loose; but Martin Pinzon, the captain, was an able seaman and soon made it fast with cords. With some trouble the little fleet reached the Canaries, where the ships were examined and repaired.

3. Columbus then steered his course westward into the unknown ocean. As day after day passed without any signs of land, the crews became disheartened, and it needed all their brave leader's patience and skill to keep them to their duty. He tried to fill their minds with hopes of new scenes and wonders and riches in the seas before them; but they were now beginning to regard him as a dreamer, and they would not be comforted.

4. It seemed to them that they had taken leave of the world forever. Behind them was everything that is dear to the heart of man, — country, family, and friends ; and before them all was doubt and danger. In their despair many of the rough seamen shed tears, and some broke out into loud lamentations.

5. As they sailed on, however, the signs of approaching land seemed to grow more certain, and their hopes rose. Birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the southwest. Up to this time Columbus had been steering due west, but now he determined to alter his course, and follow the flight of the birds. They went forward in this new direction for thirty days, without seeing anything except sea and sky, and the hopes of the sailors sank again.

6. Fear filled every heart, and impatience, rage, and despair were visible on every face. The wind blew steadily from the east, but this only increased their alarm. They began to think that in these regions the wind might always blow from the same quarter, and that they should never again be able to return.

7. The spirit of disorder soon became general. Officers and crews alike began to murmur against

the admiral, and a plot was formed to throw him into the sea and turn back. Columbus was aware of all this discontent and bad feeling, but though it grieved him much, he bore it all in patience, and tried to reason with his timid companions, who were now too much alarmed to listen to reason. They said he was leading them to certain destruction, and demanded that he should give up the voyage and return home without delay.

8. On the 7th of October Columbus called the men together, and asked them to obey his command for three days longer, promising that, if land were not discovered during that time, he would yield to their wishes and lead them back to Europe.

9. He made this promise because he was now quite sure that the long-sought-for land was not far distant. Small birds of various colors alighted upon the ships and cheered the sailors with their song. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently torn from the soil. The air was sweet and fragrant as the April breezes that blow among the flowering groves of Spain.

10. On the evening of the third day no land was yet in sight. The last beams of the setting sun fell on the shoreless sea, and the sailors again broke

out into loud complaints. Fortunately, on the next morning the signs of land were more certain than ever. Fresh weeds, such as only grow in rivers, floated past on the smooth sea. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and a piece of timber strangely carved. The sailors on board the *Nina* picked up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. All gloom now cleared away.

11. A pension had been promised to the first person who should see the new land; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hope of earning the reward. The day passed and night came on, but none of the sailors prepared for rest. All were on deck, gazing intently towards the dim horizon.

12. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high deck of his vessel. About ten o'clock he thought he saw a light glimmering at a distance. The next moment it was gone. Again it appeared, and again it vanished.

13. Columbus was now sure that there was land before him. A little after midnight the joyful sound of Land! Land! was heard from the *Pinta*,

and the sailors, now hoping and now doubting, waited impatiently for the dawn.

14. As soon as morning came all doubts and fears were at an end. In the dim light an island lay before them, whose flat and verdant fields presented the aspect of a delightful country. Then the sailors threw themselves at the feet of Columbus and implored forgiveness; and from every ship arose a hymn of thanksgiving to God.

15. At sunrise the boats were manned and rowed toward the island, with banners flying and with warlike music. The shore was covered with a multitude of half-naked men, women, and children, who stood wondering at the strange objects that met their view. They gazed with terror at the vast ships which seemed to move with wings, and which uttered a dreadful sound like thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke.

16. Columbus was the first to set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a drawn sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. He named the island San Salvador, and took possession of it for his sovereign.

XLI.—THE TEA PARTY.

1. The most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States as there is now, but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by Englishmen, and were still under the control of the British government.

2. George the Third, the King of England, and some of his noblemen had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws governing the colonies.

3. At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships loaded with that article were sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists everywhere made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed. Not being represented in Parliament, they were unwilling to be taxed by Parliament.

4. About the first of December one of the three

tea ships which had been sent to Boston arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

5. The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

“Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?” asked some one in the assembly.

6. “Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer,” said another.

“I will be one of the guard myself,” said John Hancock, “rather than that there shall be none.”

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night,

and that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

7. On the next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: "It is entirely out of our power to send back the teas; but we are willing to store them until we shall receive further directions."

Further directions from whom? The British government?

The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

8. In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without touching land and without paying duty.

The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

9. When the expected tea ships arrived they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship-owners; and, besides this, the law

would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

10. Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers, who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

11. On the 16th of December seven thousand men were present at the town meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed. "Having put our hands to the plow," said one, "we must not now think of looking back." And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

12. It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered and announced that not only the revenue officers but the governor had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

13. At that instant a shout was heard on the porch; a yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea — all that could be found — into the waters of the bay.

14. The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. "All things," said John Adams, who became afterward the second President of the United States, "all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

15. This was one of the first acts which led to the war that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years the colonies had become free and independent states. GEORGE BANCROFT.

XLII.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again:
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,

And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

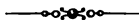
Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away

Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



XLIII. — AT VALLEY FORGE.

1. The wind is cold and piercing on the old Gulf Road, and the snowflakes have begun to fall. Who is this that toils up yonder hill, his footsteps stained with blood? His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked, his shirt

hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry. On his shoulder he carries a rusty gun, and the hand that grasps the stock is blue with cold. His comrade is no better off, nor is he who follows.

2. A fourth comes into view, and still another. A dozen are in sight. Twenty have reached the ridge, and there are more to come. See them as they mount the hill that slopes eastward into the Great Valley. A thousand are in sight, but they are but the vanguard of the motley company that winds down the road until it is lost in the cloud of snowflakes that have hidden the Gulf hills. Yonder are horsemen in tattered uniforms, and behind them cannon lumbering slowly over the frozen road, half dragged, half pushed by men.

3. Are these soldiers that huddle together and bow their heads as they face the biting wind? Is this an army that comes straggling through the valley in the blinding snow? No martial music leads them in triumph into a captured capital. No city full of good cheer and warm and comfortable homes awaits their coming. No sound keeps time to their steps save the icy wind rattling the leafless branches and the dull tread of their weary feet on the frozen ground. In yonder forest must

they find their shelter, and on the northern slope of these inhospitable hills their place of refuge.

4. Trials that rarely have failed to break the fortitude of men await them here. The Congress whom they serve shall prove helpless to protect them, and their country herself seem unmindful of their sufferings. Disease shall infest their huts by day, and Famine stand guard with them through the night. Frost shall lock their camp with icy fetters, and the snows cover it as with a garment; the storms of winter shall be pitiless,—but all in vain.

5. Danger shall not frighten nor temptation have power to seduce them. Doubt shall not shake their love of country, nor suffering overcome their fortitude. The powers of evil shall not prevail against them; for they are the Continental Army, and these are the hills of Valley Forge!

HARMITT A. BROWN.



XLIV.—INDEPENDENCE BELL.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—

People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“O God, grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way, there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” — “Stifle, then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men.”

So they beat against the portal,—
Man and woman, maid and child,—
And the July sun in heaven

On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See! oh, see! the dense crowd quivers
All along its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
While the boy cries joyously, —

“Ring!” he shouts aloud; “ring! grandpa!

Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!”

Quickly at the given signal

The old bellman lifts his hand,
And peals forth the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!

How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Now disturbed the night's repose!
From the flames, like fabled phoenix,
Beauteous Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened

Still is living,—ever young.
While we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly “Independence,”
Which, please God, shall never die!

XLV.—NELLO AND HIS DOG.

[SEQUEL TO "A DOG OF FLANDERS," PAGE 163.]

1. Nello had a secret which only Patrasche knew. There was a little shed near to the hut, which no one entered but himself,—a dreary place, but with abundant clear light from the north. Here he had fashioned himself rudely an easel in rough lumber, and here on a great gray sea of stretched paper he had given shape to one of the innumerable fancies which possessed his brain.

2. No one had ever taught him anything; colors he had no means to buy; he had gone without bread many a time to procure even the few rude vehicles that he had here; and it was only in black and white that he could fashion the things he saw. This great figure which he had drawn here in chalk was only an old man sitting on a fallen tree—only that. He had seen old Michel the woodman sitting so at evening many a time.

It was rude, of course, in a way, and had many faults, no doubt; and yet it was real, true in Nature, true in Art; very mournful, and in a manner beautiful.

3. Patrasche had lain quiet countless hours, watching its gradual creation after the labor of each day was done, and he knew that Nello had a hope — vain and wild perhaps, but strongly cherished — of sending this great drawing to compete for a prize of two hundred francs a year, which it was announced in Antwerp would be open to every lad of talent, scholar or peasant, under eighteen, who would attempt to win it with some unaided work of chalk or pencil. Three of the foremost artists in the town of Rubens were to be the judges and elect the victor according to his merits.

4. All the spring and summer and autumn Nello had been at work upon this treasure, which, if triumphant, would build him his first step toward independence, and the mysteries of the art which he blindly, ignorantly, and yet passionately adored.

The drawings were to go in on the first day of December, and the decision was to be given on the twenty-fourth, so that he who should win might rejoice with all his people at the Christmas season.

5. In the twilight of a bitter wintry day, and with a beating heart, now quick with hope, now faint with fear, Nello placed the great picture on his little green milk cart, and took it, with the

help of Patrasche, into the town, and there left it, as enjoined, at the doors of a public building.

“Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. How can I tell?” he thought, with the heartsickness of a great timidity.

6. Now that he had left it there, it seemed to him so hazardous, so vain, so foolish, to dream that he, a little lad with bare feet, who barely knew his letters, could do anything at which great painters, real artists, could ever deign to look.

Yet he took heart as he went by the cathedral; the lordly form of Rubens seemed to rise from the fog and the darkness, and to loom in its magnificence before him, whilst the lips, with their kindly smile, seemed to him to murmur, “Nay, have courage! It was not by a weak heart and by faint fears that I wrote my name for all time upon Antwerp.”

Nello ran home through the cold night, comforted.

7. Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone now, for one night, in the week before the Christmas Day, Death had entered there, and had taken away forever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save its poverty and its pains. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to

be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed his body to the nameless grave by the little church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth,—the young boy and the old dog.

There was a month's rental overdue for the little cottage, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, but he would grant no mercy and bade Nello and Patrasche to be out of it on the morrow.

8. All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white chill earth, it was the morning before Christmas Eve. With a shudder Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on the dog's frank forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche—dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be sent away ; let us go."

9. Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly, side by side, out from the little home which was so dear to them, and in which every humble,

homely thing was to them precious and beloved. They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp.

By slow and painful ways they reached the city as the chimes tolled ten.

“If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!” thought Nello, but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes.

10. Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad’s hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. His heart was sick with fear as he went, holding Patrasche close to him.

11. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in; it was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello’s sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high; it was not his own! A slow sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, son of a wharfinger in that town.

12. When Nello recovered his consciousness he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay.

The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog into his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured, — "all over!"

13. He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old strong limbs feeble under him from hunger and sorrow.

The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains.

14. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. The boy mechanically turned the bag to the light which streamed from a cross near by; on it was the name of Baas Cogez, the miller, and within it were notes for six thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully in his face.



NELLO BRINGS BACK THE LOST MONEY.

15. Nello made straight for the mill-house, and went to the house door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it.

"Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she asked kindly through her tears. "We are in sore trouble to-night. The Baas is out seeking for a power of

money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find it."

16. Nello put the note-case in her hand and signed Patrasche within the house.

"Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Coge so ; I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he did, he had stooped and kissed Patrasche ; then had closed the door hurriedly on him, and had disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

17. The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear ; Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth ; they tried all that they knew how to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats ; they tempted him with the best they had ; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth ; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

18. It was six at night when, from an opposite entrance, the miller at last came, jaded and broken,

into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said, with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere; it is gone — the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand, and told him how it had come back to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face with his hands, ashamed and almost afraid.

"I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length; "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

19. When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless newcomer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter, black night. He had only one thought, — to follow Nello. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

20. The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straight along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over

the boundaries of the town and into the very heart of the burgh and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

The portals were unclosed after the midnight Mass, and stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up noiselessly and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I—a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close.

21. On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead.

As the day grew on, there came the old, hard-featured miller, who wept as women weep.

"I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends,—yea, to the half of my substance,—and he should have been to me as a son."

22. There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit.

"I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday, had worth won," he said to the people; "a boy of rare promise and genius. An old wood-

cutter on a fallen tree at eventide — that was all his theme. But there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him and take him with me and teach him art.”

23. But the young pale face, turned upward to the light with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all: “It is too late.”

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the forest, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

XLVI.—THE TRUANT.

The following selection has been taken from Irving's "Alhambra," one of the most delightful books written by this great author. The book will furnish instruction and entertaining reading for young people.

1. We have had a scene of petty tribulation in the Alhambra which has thrown a cloud over the sunny countenance of Dolores. This little damsel has a passion for pets of all kinds, and one of the ruined courts is thronged with her favorites.

The great delight of Dolores, however, has for some time past been centered in a youthful pair of pigeons who have even supplanted a tortoise-shell cat and kittens in her affections.

2. As a tenement for them wherein to commence housekeeping she had fitted up a small chamber adjacent to the kitchen, the window of which looked into one of the quiet Moorish courts. Here they lived in happy ignorance of any world beyond the court and its sunny roofs. Never had they aspired to soar above the battlements or to mount to the summit of the towers.

3. Their union was at length crowned by two spotless and milk-white eggs, to the great joy of their little mistress. They took turns to sit upon the nest until the eggs were hatched, and while

their callow progeny required warmth and shelter; while one thus stayed at home, the other foraged abroad for food and brought home abundant supplies.

4. Early this morning, as Dolores was feeding the male pigeon, she took a fancy to give him a peep at the great world. Opening a window, she launched him at once beyond the walls of the Alhambra. For the first time in his life the astonished bird had to try the full vigor of his wings.

5. He swept down into the valley, and then, rising upward with a surge, soared almost to the clouds. Never before had he risen to such a height or experienced such delight in flying. He seemed giddy with excess of liberty and with the boundless field of action suddenly opened to him. For the whole day he has been circling about from tower to tower and tree to tree.

6. Every attempt has been vain to lure him back by scattering grain upon the roofs; he seems to have lost all thought of home, of his tender helpmate, and his callow young. To add to the anxiety of Dolores, he has been joined by two robber pigeons, whose instinct it is to entice wandering pigeons to their own dovecotes.

7. The fugitive seems quite fascinated with these knowing but graceless companions. He has been soaring with them over all the roofs and steeples of Granada. A thunderstorm has passed over the city, but he has not sought his home; night has closed in, and still he comes not.

8. To deepen the pathos of the affair, the female pigeon, after remaining several hours on the nest without being relieved, at length went forth to seek her mate, but stayed away so long that the young ones perished for want of the warmth and shelter of the parent bosom.

9. At a late hour in the evening, word was brought to Dolores that the truant bird had been seen upon the towers of the Generalife. It was determined to send Pépe, the stuttering lad of the gardens, to the administrador, requesting that if such fugitive should be found in his dominions he might be given up as a subject of the Alhambra.

10. Pépe departed on his expedition through the moonlit groves and avenues, but returned in an hour with the afflicting intelligence that no such bird was to be found in the dovecote of the Generalife.

Thus stands the melancholy affair which has

occasioned much distress throughout the palace, and has sent Dolores to a sleepless pillow.

11. "Sorrow endureth for a night," saith the proverb, "but joy cometh in the morning." The first object that met my eyes on leaving my room this morning was Dolores, with the truant pigeon in her hands, and her eyes sparkling with joy.

12. He had appeared at an early hour on the battlements, hovering shyly about from roof to roof, but at length entered the window and surrendered himself prisoner. He gained little credit, however, by his return, for the manner in which he devoured the food set before him showed that he had been driven home by sheer famine.

13. Dolores upbraided him for his faithless conduct, calling him all manner of vagrant names, though she fondled him at the same time to her bosom and covered him with kisses. I observed, however, that she had taken care to clip his wings to prevent all future soarings.

More than one valuable moral might be drawn from the story of Dolores and her pigeon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

XLVII.—LETTER FROM GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
TO HIS SON.

1. Study to be frank with the world ; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you will mean to do right.

2. If a friend asks a favor, grant it, if it is reasonable ; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot ; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one ; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice.

3. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain ; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back.

4. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remark-

able gloom and darkness—still known as “the dark day”—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

5. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

6. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its business.

There was quietness in that man’s mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.

7. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

XLVIII.—ADVENTURE WITH A SPERM WHALE.

1. About seven o'clock we heard the cry, "There he blows." All on deck listened to hear the cry again, that they might feel sure of a sperm whale being in sight.

In a few moments the well-known cry was heard. The officer on deck inquired: "Where away?"

2. "Right ahead, sir," was the reply; and the sailor on the topmast pointed with his hand in that direction.

"How far off?"

"About three miles; headed right athwart us. I can see his hump; he is an old soldier, sir."

Now a scene of bustle and confusion presents itself; some going aft, and others preparing the boats for the expected encounter.

3. "There goes flukes," is heard from a dozen voices aloft; which implies that the whale has sounded or dived below.

"There he blows!"

"Where, where?" asks the captain in a hurried tone.

"About two miles off our lee beam, sir."

"Haul up the mainsail; lay the topsail to the

mast; down with your helm; let the ship come to the wind."

4. The helm is instantly put to lee. The ship comes up, dashing the spray majestically from her bows, until checked by the action of the wind against her mainsail.

"Is all ready for lowering?" asks the captain.

"All ready," is the reply.

5. The whale has sounded before the boats touch the water, and each one steers as judgment dictates in regard to the supposed course of the whale.

The captain's boat was within a short distance when the whale made his appearance, and every nerve was strained to get alongside before he sounded. "Pull, my good fellows; pull away!" was often repeated. "Lay back, every man! A few more like this fellow ahead, and we may bid adieu to the Pacific. Stretch hard, every one of you; a few more strokes, and he is ours; pull hard, I tell you."

6. At this momentous time every one feels the importance of strict obedience. Some, who have not been accustomed to a deadly battle with the monsters of the deep, pull with heavy hearts, dreading the moment of attack. A strange sen-

sation creeps through every bosom, as the sea looks black with the bulk of an unwieldy monster that goes down to the oozy ocean caves, then rises to the regions of day and spouts out his pent breath towards heaven. A chill of dread comes over the hardiest bosom.

7. But the boat goes fast. It is now alongside. The word from the captain to the steersman is, "Stand up!" which is done, his hands resting upon his harpoon. Now he raises it, as if he would plunge it deep into the whale. The whale lies spouting, with little motion. The boat's head is laid towards him; the word of command is given. Suddenly two harpoons are darted into the whale. As soon as he is struck he rears, plunges, and is lost to sight.

8. The other boats are seen coming to our relief; and the whale rises again in sight. "Haul line, haul line! haul, I tell you! He is ours before the other boats get up," says the captain. Every man hauls as if for his life, the whale going through the water very rapidly.

9. We had approached our object within a few feet, and the captain was in the attitude of darting his lance, when the whale made a sudden halt, which brought the boat in contact with his head.

In an instant the jaw was raised, and as quickly it fell again, breaking one side of the boat in pieces. Down plunged the huge creature into the deep, making a flourish with his tail and dashing aside the fractured boat as he disappeared.

10. While the other boats, which were at a distance, approached for our relief, some of us were clinging to shattered fragments of our boat, and some of us swimming in the water. One of the crew had a leg broken in three places, and the flesh torn and mangled in a horrid manner.

11. On our arrival at the ship our first care was for the wounded man, whom we placed in as comfortable a situation as our circumstances would permit. One of the other boats engaged in perilous conflict with the enemy that had wrecked us, and after a bloody battle of two hours they succeeded in killing the "old soldier."

XLIX. — A LESSON IN HEROISM.

1. The surgeons had removed the foot. It was a far more severe ordeal than Hugh had fancied, and he felt that he could not have borne it a moment longer. Though he slept a great deal in the course of the night, he woke often, such odd feelings disturbed him. Every time he moved in the least his mother came softly to look.

2. When she found he could not sleep any more, and that he seemed a little confused about where he was and how he came to be there, she let him talk, and thus gradually brought back the recollection of all that had happened.

“Oh, mother, I can never be a soldier or a sailor. I can never go around the world.” And Hugh burst into tears, now more really afflicted than he had been yet.

3. His mother sat by the bedside and wiped his tears as they flowed, while he told her how long and how much he had reckoned on going around the world, and how little he cared for anything else in the future; and now this was just the very thing he should never be able to do. He had practiced marching, and now he could never march again.

4. There was a pause, and his mother said : —

“Hugh, do you remember Richard Grant?”

“What, the man who carved so beautifully?”

“Yes. Do you remember how he had planned a most beautiful set of carvings for a chapel? He was to be well paid, his work was so superior. But the thing he most cared for was the honor of producing a noble thing which would outlive him.

5. “Well, at the very beginning of his task his chisel flew up against his wrist, and the narrow cut that it made rendered his right hand useless for life. He could never hold a tool. The only strong wish that Richard Grant had in the world was disappointed.”

Hugh hid his face in his handkerchief, and his mother went on : —

“You have heard of Huber?”

“The man who found out so much about bees?”

6. “Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known before about bees and ants, and was more and more anxious to peep and pry into their tiny homes and their curious ways, he became blind.”

Hugh sighed, and his mother went on : —

7. “Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers that ever

lived. His great, his sole delight was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he became deaf, perfectly deaf; so that he never again heard one single note from the loudest orchestra."

"But were they patient?"

8. "Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you say they were hardly treated? or would you rather suppose something better was given them than they had planned for themselves?"

"It does seem hard," said Hugh, "that that very thing should happen. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, or that musical man being blind, or Richard Grant losing a foot; for he did not want to go around the world."

9. "I think they found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do far nobler than the head can do through the eye, and the ear, and the hand.

"And they soon found a new and delicious pleasure which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel."

"What is that?"

10. "The pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in their hearts.

“There is a pleasure in the exercise of the body, — in making the heart beat, and the limbs glow, in a run by the seaside, or a game in the playground; but this is nothing to the pleasure there is in exercising one’s soul to bear pain, — in finding one’s heart glow with the hope one is pleasing to God.”

11. “Shall I feel that pleasure?”

“Often and often, I have no doubt,—every time you can willingly give up anything you have set your heart upon. Well, I don’t expect it of you yet. I dare say it was a long and bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music when he could not hear a note of it. And Huber —”

“But did Beethoven get to smile?”

“If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could ever have made him.”

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

L.—THE SONG OF THE STREET.

Clamor, clatter, jam and jingle,
Hear the merry din!
Pacing feet and flying fingers,
How they haste to win!
All day long my cobbles ringing
Sound the golden strain;
All the night the echo lingers
Till the morn again.
Stretching from the busy city
To the river shore,
Loud I clang the song of traffic,
Clinking evermore.

Piling higher yellow profits—
How the music swells!
Tumbling down unstable fortunes—
Hark, alarum bells!
Snatching fame on dizzy ladders—
Shouts the populace!
Lying in the curbstone gutter,
Failure hides its face.
From the sunrise till the shadow
Ring the notes of gain,

And at night my flagstones echo
Disappointment's pain.

Ever rushing, ever rattling,
Commerce frets my way,
Till the darkness, plaintive, murmurs
Back the song of day.
Never resting, never moving,
I lie prone along
From the river to the city,
Pressed by every throng.
Hard my task and past enduring
Were n't the river nigh,
Cooling all my fever
With its liquid lullaby.

CLARENCE OUSLEY.

LI.—PROFESSOR FARADAY.

1. An electric machine was on show in the window of an instrument maker's shop, and a boy stood gazing at every part of it with great curiosity. After a while, as a neighboring clock struck, the lad started like one just roused from sleep, and ran with all speed to his master's workshop. The boy was the son of a working smith, and was apprenticed to a London bookbinder.

2. He was a steady lad, fond of work in hours of business, and fond of a book in hours of leisure. He was very fond of books about science. He liked to read about the wonders of chemistry; still more about electricity—that wonderful power that flashes out of the thundercloud, that dwells unseen in the dewdrop, and is found in all things, from the clouds of heaven to the clods of earth.

3. After he had found the new machine in the shop window he spent every spare moment there, taking in the shape of every knob, and wire, and wheel, and plate, with earnest eyes. Then he resolved to make one for himself. By the light of the early summer morning he was up and working away at his machine.

4. In time he finished it, and found that it

would act. He touched the brass knob, and the shock that went through him was as nothing compared to the joy that throbbed in his heart at seeing that his work was all right in the end. He showed it to his master, who, being a kind and sensible man, was pleased and surprised at the lad's cleverness.

5. Some years after, the lad, now a young man, was again gazing with wide open eyes, and laying up all he saw in his mind. This time it was not through a shop window that he looked. It was from a seat in the Royal Society's Lecture Rooms that he saw Sir Humphry Davy making some beautiful chemical experiments. The youth did not know which most to admire,—the beautiful apparatus, the wonderful experiments, or the eloquent lecture,—all was so new to him, so interesting.

6. But the speaker himself was, above all, the object of his admiration. From the little town of Penzance, in Cornwall, the great man had come. He had taught himself nearly all that he knew; and now the youth saw him standing before the mighty and the noble of the land, the light of genius in his flashing eyes, the words of wisdom on his eloquent lips.

“Oh, if I could but follow the steps of such a master!” was the unspoken wish of the youthful hearer. This thought soon led to action, for promptness was a leading part of the young man’s character.

7. He resolved to write to the great chemist, and state that he wished to follow some other trade than that to which he was apprenticed; that he loved science, and would think himself happy to be employed in any way in the workroom of so great a man.

8. It was a bold step; but the request, though urgent, was full of the noble humility of real worth. His letter was not neglected. Inquiries were made, and the wish of his heart was granted. He entered the service of the famous chemist, and soon had ample opportunities to study and improve.

9. There is no need to say that he did not waste his time or neglect the means which lay round him. Sir Humphry Davy died in 1829, but his place was not long vacant. Who filled it? He whose youth we have sketched, whose lectures were eagerly listened to by the world’s greatest scientists as well as by children at Christmas time, — the famous and much beloved Professor Michael Faraday.

LII.—A BURNING MOUNTAIN.

1. Mount Vesuvius had, for ages and ages, been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot. These cities were filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I fear, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

2. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, and was full of boars and wild deer. What sign of fire was there in that?

3. To be sure, there was also an ugly field below by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them? So they all lived on happily and merrily enough till A.D. 79.

4. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral called Pliny, who was

a very studious and learned man, and the author of a famous old book on natural history.

He was staying on shore with his sister, and one day, as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like an Italian stone-pine tree, with a long, straight stem and a flat, parasol-shaped top. Sometimes the cloud was blackish, sometimes spotted.

5. The good admiral, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter, and went off across the bay to see what it could be.

Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days ; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other.

6. When he got near the opposite shore, some sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling from the sky, and flames breaking out from the mountain above ; but Pliny would go on ; he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them ; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

7. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly and left them on almost dry land, and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabiæ, to the house of a friend, who was just going to escape in a boat. Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and went in to dinner with a cheerful face.

8. Flames came down from the mountain nearer and nearer as the night drew on, but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders; and if they had not waked the admiral he would never have been able to get out of the house.

9. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend and the sailors and slaves all fled into the open fields, tying pillows over their heads to prevent themselves from being beaten down by the great showers of stones and cinders which were falling.

10. Day had come by this time, but not the dawn; for the great cloud shut out the light of the sun and it was still pitch dark. They went

down to their boats upon the shore, but the sea raged so fiercely that there was no getting on board. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail that he might lie upon it for a little while to rest. But suddenly there came down upon them a rush of flames and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

11. Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral upon his feet, but he sank down again, overpowered with the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind.

When they came back he lay dead, but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he were only sleeping. And this was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

12. But what was going on in the mean time? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities were buried at once, — Herculæum, Pompeii, Stabiæ. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and earthenware, and, in many cases, even jewels and gold behind; and here and there among them was a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust.

13. And what had happened to Vesuvius, the

treacherous mountain? Half or more than half of the side of the old crater had been blown away, and what was left stands in a half circle around the new cone and the new crater, which is burning at this very day.

14. True, after that eruption in which Pliny was killed and three great cities were buried, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not wake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then slept again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has grown more and more restless as the ages have passed on; and now hardly a year goes by without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater and streams of lava from its sides.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LIII.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

The story of Jane Taylor's clock has already been made familiar to thousands of young people. The homely lesson which the fable aims to teach is always instructive and interesting to each successive generation of pupils.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted an inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of *striking*.

3. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

4. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

5. The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, replied: "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

6. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Will you now give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

“Not in the least,” replied the pendulum; “it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*.”

a. “Very good,” replied the dial; “but recollect that, though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but *one*, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.”

“Then I hope,” resumed the dial plate, “we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus.”

9. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, and the pendulum began to swing; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

LIV. — A BOY'S WORD OF HONOR.

I.

1. He was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but nevertheless they were going to shoot him.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to one of the city prisons in Paris.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

2. Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch the terrible scenes about him as though they did not concern him.

He heard the sinister report of the musketry which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterwards," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also.

3. Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood — he had hardly outgrown it ; perhaps of his relatives and their sorrow when they should hear of his fate ; of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow countrymen ; and perhaps he wondered why such things were.

Politics had never troubled that little household. At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer.

4. It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day, when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into the ranks.

5. He had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty, he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

The things he had seen and suffered during the few last months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world,—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so good to him.

6. He comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too,—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

“Kiss me again, dear,—again,” she had said, “for I feel that I may never see you more.”

“Ah,” he thought sadly, “if they would only trust me,—would give me only one hour of liberty,—how I would run home to her and then come back and give myself up to the hands that hunger for my life. I would give my word, and I would keep it. Why not? Save my mother—and she, too, dying—I have no one to weep over me if I am shot.”

7. “To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then I would face death bravely.”



THE BOY GIVES HIS WORD OF HONOR.

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

“Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?”

“Yes; I am ready.”

“Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?”

a. “Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months — such awful things — death seems better than such a life.”

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

"Try me, sir; try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

9. "Oh, my boy! you're no fool! but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to believe that."

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more.

10. "Sir, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty, and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging at his mustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

“‘My word,’” he murmured. “This urchin talks of ‘my word’ as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!” He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked in a severe tone: “Your name?”

11. “Victor Oury!”

“Age?”

“Sixteen on the 15th of July next.”

“Where does your mother live?”

“At Belleville.”

“What made you leave her to follow the Commune?”

“The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid and prayed me to obey them.”

12. “You have no father, then?”

“He was killed.”

“And where?”

“At Bourget, fighting for his country.”

The commandant turned towards his staff as

though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then, it is understood," the officer said gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock, I shall say that you are a braggart."

13. "I thank you, sir. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening if you return, I will embrace you — in front of the firing party," he added grimly. "Off with you!"

II.

1. Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the

neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for she had believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

2. "Go very quietly," she said in a low voice ; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger ; she must not be awakened. Poor thing ! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you, she was praying the good Lord to preserve you and to restore peace in the land."

3. But Victor thought he heard his name called in a faint voice ; he moved on tiptoe towards his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor ! my boy !" she cried in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. In his mother's arms he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

4. The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

“Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?” she asked. “You shall never leave me again.

“We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and become a good man. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely.”

5. Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child.

6. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his

head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once.

7. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, gazing at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. The good-hearted man had hoped that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

"Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer and still have kept your word."

a. "Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage — tears of joy for her, of despair for me — she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how

could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?

9. "So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. I have one more thing to ask, — to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

10. "Well, you are a plucky lad and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first. Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother and love her always." As he spoke the last few words the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him gently away. "It really would have been a pity," he said half apologetically to his staff as he turned towards them.

Victor did not run — he flew home. His

mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

11. Suddenly she sat up, crying, "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy!—ah! you are here; it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs which Victor could not calm.

"O my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamed they were going to shoot you!"



LV.—THE JAPANESE FIRE BOX.

1. I do not remember that any one has done justice to the important part borne by the hibachi in the domestic life of the Japanese.

The hibachi is a fire box, of which the simplest form is that of a square, or circular, or oblong box of wood lined with sheet copper.

2. Into this a quantity of lime dust or sifted ashes is put, and on the top of that a little pile of lighted charcoal which burns slowly and steadily

upon the fine ashes, giving out heat, but not a trace of smoke.

This is the plainest form of fire box, such as is used for common purposes and in railway stations, wayside restaurants, and simple shops. But you may see them of all forms and materials. Some are made of hammered brass, copper or iron, with patterns delicately and beautifully beaten out of the burnished metal.

3. The hibachi for home service must be useful in other ways. Two-thirds of the length is the fire box proper, lined with metal and laid with ashes, upon which the little nest of coals glows. Upon the top of that will be placed a four-legged frame of iron, which holds the bronze kettle, the teapot, and, at need, a small gridiron or glazed frying pan.

4. The remainder of the hibachi is made up of little drawers and apartments, where the lady of the house keeps things which profit by being dry,—her biscuits, her paper for accounts, needles and thread, combs, tea, chopsticks, and what not.

You can cover this with rugs and warm the hands and feet from the glow, or on frosty nights you can put it boldly under the bedclothes for a while.

5. There is a smaller fire box with a bed for

ashes, a little box for tobacco, and one for the brass and silver tipped pipes. This has a handle by which it is carried about, for it accompanies its owner everywhere.

There must be as many fire boxes of some sort as there are people in the country. Every shop has one in front of its shelves in winter, every tea house has them by the score, and at a dinner party one is placed between every pair of guests.

6. There it stands, always lighted, during autumn and winter months. There are little square cushions laid all around the fire box, and upon these people kneel and chat. The hands of the household meet over the kindly warmth, for this is the only hearth they have. A result of this use of charcoal is that Japanese cities, villages, and homes are free from smoke.

7. There is a danger in the fire box. If not supplied from the kitchen with glowing coals past their first burning, there will be a constant flow of a poisonous gas which will be to you like an overdose of opium. In our country this would be a serious danger, but in Japan the screens and sliding doors let in so much air that the gas is diluted as fast as it is made.

In old days it seems that the people burned

wood, and perhaps coal, just as they got both from their mines.

a. There is yet another form of the hibachi, — the little portable fire box, made of tin in the shape of a curved cigar case, with a sliding lid. The tin is perforated with small holes, and then covered with a case of muslin.

Small sticks of powdered charcoal are furnished, and you light one and pop it into the case, close the lid and wrap the little box in a handkerchief. The thin cloth admits the air, and with one of these thrust into the bosom or sleeve, the coldest journey may be taken.

There is a legend showing that coal was formerly used in Japan as we use it in stoves, and which put into English verse is as follows: —

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

Fifteen centuries ago Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the toils began
Well, to gild the cedar frieze of his palace galleries;
Well, to nail the silver plates on his inner palace
gates;

For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!
Walking on his roof he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide.
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those wooden huts
Underneath the king's house gleaming;
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet to the poor hearts within
The little world their all in all.
Just then waiting maids bore through
The breakfast of King Nintoku.

Quoth the Emperor—gazing round—
“Wherefore when my meats abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys jut into the air,
Yet no chimney-reek is there
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with *gohan* hot.
Gild me no more galleries
If my people pay the gold!

Let my gates unplated go,
If the silver leaves them cold !
This city of all tax I ease,
For three years ! We decree it so !
From all huts there shall be smoke ! ”
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Sped three years. Upon his roof
The Monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill pleased to see
The snow drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray
For wear and weather : “ Consort ! say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks like a load of straw ? ”
“ Princess august, what recks a flaw.”
Nintok replied, “ in gate or wall,
When far and wide, those chimneys all
Fling their blue house flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them ? Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folk’s health —
The people’s weal makes prince’s wealth.”

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LVI.—LEARN TO OBEY.

1. Obedience is the first duty which children owe to their parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the Divine command. "Obey your parents in all things." The proper spirit of obedience is shown when a child complies at once with the wishes of his parents; it does not allow him to stop and argue the point with them, or to set up his own will in opposition.

2. Children are not always able to see the reason of their parents' requirements. But that does not excuse disobedience. They should obey, because their parents know better than they do what will be for their good; but children are not obliged to obey their parents in anything that is wrong or sinful.

3. Young people should continue to obey their parents as long as they remain under their care, and until they go forth into the world to take care of themselves. Then, though they are not bound to obey, they ought still to have a careful regard to the wishes of their parents, and as far as possible to conform to them.

4. The words of the wise man are: "My son, keep the instruction of thy father, and forsake not

the law of thy mother. . . . They shall be an ornament of grace about thy head, and chains about thy neck" — "Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother" — "A wise son heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke." In the law of Moses it is written: "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother."

5. On one of the railroads in Germany, a switchman was just taking his place in order to turn a coming train, then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in the contrary direction. At that moment, on turning his head, he saw his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine! What could he do? He might spring to his child and rescue him; but he could not do that and turn the switch in time, and so hundreds of lives might be lost.

6. Although in sore trouble, he could not neglect his greater duty; so, exclaiming in a loud voice to his son, "Lie down!" he went to his post and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him; he lay down, and the long and heavy train thundered over him.

7. Little did the passengers dream, as they

quietly glided onto the safe track, what terrible anguish their approach had caused to one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should find a mangled corpse ; but to his great joy and gratitude, he found him alive and unharmed !

8. We are told that the switchman's brave conduct was made known to the Emperor, who sent for him and presented him with a medal of honor, not only as a reward for his heroism, but also for having so well taught his child how to obey.

9. It is not only children who have to obey. What confusion and destruction would follow if our soldiers and sailors refused to obey the orders of their commanding officers until they knew the reason for the orders !

10. Much worse confusion would there be if each person refused to obey the laws of his country because he did not make the laws himself. The obedience of a child to its parent or teacher is the beginning of that obedience to the laws of right and justice, without which not the greatest state, any more than the humblest home, would be fit to live in. It is the beginning of that order which is "Heaven's first law."

LVII.—THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls, uncarved, before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

BISHOP DOANE.

LVIII.—THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

1. "That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas! *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows?

2. "Nonsense; you don't impose upon me! You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

"*He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella!

3. "There! do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks,—always six weeks. And no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm deter-

mined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet.

“And when they grow up, I wonder whom they’ll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can’t feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. “But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother’s to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don’t tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every advantage to hinder me. But don’t you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I’ll go all the more.

5. “No; and I’ll not have a cab. Where do you think the money’s to come from? You’ve got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least; sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence, for there’s back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who’s to pay for ’em; *I* can’t pay for ’em, and I’m sure *you* can’t, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children,—buying umbrellas.

6. “Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say,

do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and, what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 't is you that's the foolish man. You know that I can't wear clogs, and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me cold; it always does.

7. “But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

8. “Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. *Need n't I wear 'em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it is n't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

9. “Oh! that rain! If it is n't enough to break

in the windows. Ugh ! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell ; but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir ; I'll not borrow an umbrella ; no, and you sha'n't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

10. "Ha ! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh ! 't is all very well for you, — you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children ; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas ! Men, indeed ! call themselves lords of the creation ! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella !

11. "I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want ; then you may go to your club and do as you like ; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used, — but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me ! I know you will ; else you'd never have lent the umbrella. You have to go on Thursday about that summons ; and, of course, you can't go. No,

indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care; 't is not so bad as spoiling your clothes. Better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

12. "And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it, nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we sha' n't have at all,—because we've no umbrella.

13. "The children, too (dear things!), they'll be sopping wet, for they sha' n't stay at home; they sha' n't lose their learning; 't is all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they should n't (you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel), they *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, 't is not my fault; I did n't lend the umbrella."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LIX. — GULNARE THE WAR HORSE.

1. From my earliest boyhood I have had what horsemen call "a weakness for horses." Give me a colt of wild, irregular temper, and fierce blood, to tame, and I am happy. Never did lash of mine, singing with cruel sound through the air, fall on such a colt's soft hide; but touches soft and gentle, caressing words, unfailing kindness, and oats given from the open palm were the means I used to "subjugate him." Sweet subjugation, both to him who subdues and to him who yields!

2. The wild, unmannerly, and unmanageable colt, finding in you not an enemy, but a friend, receiving from you his daily food and all those little "nothings" which go so far to win the affections of a horse, grows to look upon you as his protector. So, when I saw this riderless horse come vaulting along with action so free and motion so graceful, amid that storm of bullets, my heart involuntarily went out to her, and my feelings rose at every leap she took amid the whirlwind of fire and lead.

3. As she came careering toward me, her nostrils widely spread, her flank and shoulders flecked with foam, her eye dilating, I forgot my wound and all

the wild roar of battle, and, lifting myself to a sitting posture, gave her a ringing cheer.

No sooner had my voice sounded than she flung her head with a proud upward movement into the air, swerved sharply to the left, neighed as she might to a master at morning from her stall, and came trotting directly up to where I lay.

4. I spoke again, and stretched out my hand caressingly. She pricked up her ears, took a step forward, and lowered her nose until it came in contact with my palm. Never did I fondle anything more tenderly, never did I see an animal which seemed to so court and appreciate human tenderness as that beautiful mare.

5. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair, indescribably rich and elegant. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin; her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen.

6. All that afternoon the beautiful mare stood over me, while, away to the right of us, the hoarse tide of battle flowed and ebbed. When some of my men, at dusk, came searching and found me, and, laying me on a stretcher, started toward our

lines, the mare, of her own free will, followed at my side. All through that stormy night of wind and rain, as my men struggled along, through mud and mire, toward Harrison's Landing, the mare followed, and ever after, until she died, was with me and was mine, and I, as far as man might be, was hers. I named her Gulnare.

7. As quickly as my wound permitted, I was transported to Washington, whither I took the mare. Her fondness for me grew daily, and soon became so marked as to cause universal comment. The groom had instructions to lead her twice every day to the hospital window, against which was my bed, so that, by opening the sash, I might reach out my hand and pet her.

On the second day, no sooner had she reached the street than she broke suddenly from the groom and dashed away at full speed. I was lying, bolstered up in bed, reading, when I heard the rush of flying feet, and in an instant, with a loud, joyful neigh, she checked herself in front of my window.

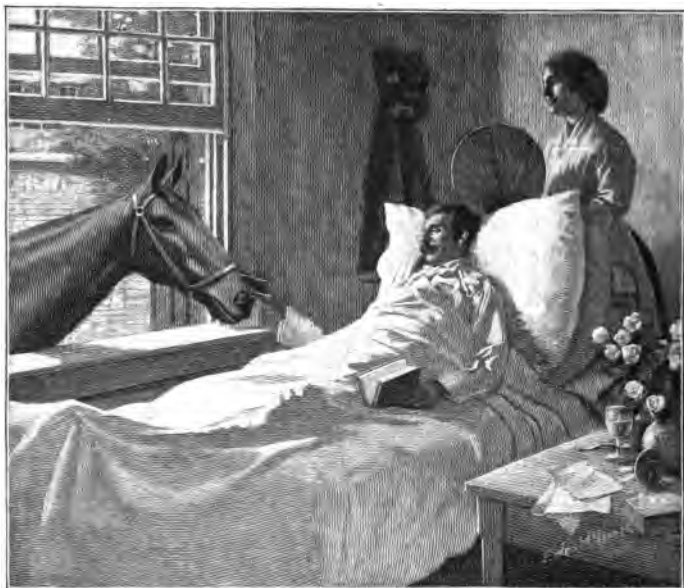
a. When the nurse lifted the sash, the beautiful creature thrust her head through the aperture and rubbed her nose against my shoulder, like a dog. Her affection for me seemed almost human; and

my heart went out to her beyond any power of expression. The groom, who had divined where he should find her, came into the yard shortly after, but she would not allow him to come near her, much less touch her.

9. If he tried to approach, she would lash out at him most spitefully, and then, laying back her ears and opening her mouth savagely, make a short dash at him, and, as the terrified African disappeared around the corner of the hospital, she would wheel and, with a face bright as a happy child's, come trotting to the window for me to pet her. I shouted to the groom to go back to the stable, for I had no doubt that she would return to her stall when I closed the window.

10. Rejoiced at the permission, he departed. After some thirty minutes I patted her softly on either cheek, and told her that she must go. I gently pushed her head out of the window, and closed it; and then, holding up my hand with the palm turned toward her, charged her, making the appropriate motion, to "go right back to her stable." For a moment she stood looking steadily at me, with an indescribable expression of hesitation and surprise in her clear liquid eyes, and then, turning lingeringly, walked slowly out of the yard.

11. Twice a day for nearly a month, while I lay in the hospital, did Gulnare visit me. At the appointed hour the groom would slip her head-stall, and without a word of command she would



GULNARE REJOICES AT THE RECOVERY OF HER MASTER.

dart out of the stable, and with her long, leopard-like lope, go sweeping down the street, and come dashing into the hospital yard, checking herself, with the same glad neigh, at my window ; nor did she ever once fail, at the closing of the sash, to turn directly to her stall.

12. Of all exhibitions of happiness, either by beast or man, hers was the most positive on that afternoon when, racing into the yard, she found me leaning on a crutch, outside the hospital building. The whole corps of nurses came to the doors, and all the poor fellows that could move themselves crawled to the windows to see her. What gladness was expressed in every movement! She would come prancing toward me, head and tail erect, and pausing, rub her head against my shoulder, while I patted her glossy neck; then, suddenly, with a sidewise spring, she would break away, and pace around me with that high action and springing step peculiar to the thoroughbred.

13. Again, like a flash, dropping her tail, laying back her ears, and stretching her nose straight out, she would speed away with that quick, nervous, low-lying action which marks the rush of racers, when, side by side and nose to nose, with the roar of cheers on either hand, they come straining up the homestretch. Returning from one of these arrowy flights, she would come curveting back; now pacing sidewise as on parade; now dashing her hind feet high into the air; and, finally, would approach and stand erect in her reward, — my caress.

LX.—THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

REVISED VERSION.

I.

The Lord is my shepherd ;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul :
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for
his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ;
For thou art with me :
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of my enemies :
Thou hast anointed my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

II.

1. The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feature, singing shyly out of obscurity; but it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

2. What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when heard, caused him to forget what sorrows he had?

3. And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of all nations.

Behold just such a one! this pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world.

4. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness.

5. Ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it

has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination and sung him back to his home again.

6. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind and could not go too.

7. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children, and my children, and to their children, through all generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended, and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

H. W. BEECHER.

LXI.—TOM BROWN STARTS FOR RUGBY.

1. Tom tumbled out of bed and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee-room in his stockings, carrying his hat-box, coat, and comforter in his hand. There he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

“Now then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this; there’s nothing like starting warm, old fellow.”

2. Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his great-coat. And just as he was swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter about his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, “Tally-ho, sir”; and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the four-horse coach as it dashes up the street.

3. “Anything for us, Bob?” says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

“Young gen’l’m’n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o’ game, Rugby,” answers the hostler.

“Tell young gent to look alive,” says guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels, after examining them by the lamps. “Here, shove this box up a-top,—I’ll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind.”

4. “Good-by, father—my love at home.” A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the hostlers let go the horses’ heads, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; Hostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

5. “Sharp work!” says the Squire, and goes in again to his bed, the coach being well out of sight and hearing.

Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father’s figure as long as he can see it, and then the guard, having disposed of his baggage, finishes his buttonings and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn; no joke for those who minded cold, on a fast coach in November.

6. But it had its pleasures,—the cold, dark ride. First there was the silent endurance, so

dear to every Englishman, of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoarfrost, over the leader's ears into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy tollman or the hostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight — and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes.

7. Then the break of dawn and the sunrise, where can they be ever seen in perfection but from a coach roof? You want motion and change and music to see them in their glory; not the music of singing, but good silent music, which sets itself in your own head, the accompaniment of work and getting over the ground.

8. Tom is enjoying the ride, though half frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him inward, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words; and has

made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown, as he is.

9. Then he has been forward into the mysterious boy future, speculating as to what sort of a place Rugby is, and what they do there, and calling up all the stories of public schools which he has heard from big boys in the holidays. He is full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the backboard, and would like to sing, only he does n't know how his friend, the silent guard, might take it.

10. And now the dawn breaks at the end of the fourth stage, and the coach pulls up at a little roadside inn with huge stables behind. There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the bar window, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a double thong, and throws it to the hostler; the steam of the horses rises straight into the air. He has put them along over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time. He rolls down from the box and into the inn. The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "just jump down."

11. Tom finds a difficulty in jumping, or, indeed, in finding the top of the wheel with his feet, so the guard picks him off the coach-top and sets

him on his legs, and they join the coachman and the other outside passengers.

“Time’s up.” They are out again and up; coachee the last, gathering the reins into his hands and talking to Jem, the hostler, about the mare’s shoulder, and then swinging himself up onto the box,—the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls into his seat.

12. Toot-toot-tootle-too goes the horn, and away they are again, five-and-thirty miles on their road (nearly half way to Rugby, thinks Tom), and the prospect of breakfast at the end of the stage.

And now they begin to see, and the early life of the countryside comes out; a market cart or two, men in smock-frocks going to their work. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the heels of the huntsman’s hack, whose face is about the color of the tails of his old red hunting coat, as he exchanges greetings with the coachman and guard.

13. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well-muffled-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of

the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast.

“Twenty minutes here, gentlemen,” says the coachman as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn door.

14. Have we not endured nobly this morning, and is not this a worthy reward for much endurance? There is the low, dark, wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the lists of the meets for the week of the county hounds. The table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon pie, ham, round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher.

15. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands; kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea all smoking hot. The table can never hold it all; the cold meats are removed to the sideboard; they were only put on for show and to give us an appetite. And now fall on, gentlemen all. It is

a well-known public house, and the breakfasts are famous.

16. "Tea or coffee, sir?" says head waiter, coming round to Tom.

"Coffee, please," says Tom, with his mouth full of muffin and kidneys; coffee is a treat to him, tea is not.

Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon pie and drank coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum, and then has the further pleasure of paying the head waiter out of his own purse, in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely and in a highly finished manner by the hostlers.

17. "Now, sir, please," says the coachman; all the rest of the passengers are up; the guard is locking up the hind-boot. "Let 'em go, Dick!" The hostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from glossy loins, and away we go through the market-place and down the High Street, while all the shop boys who are cleaning the windows, and the housemaids who are doing the steps, stop and look pleased as we rattle past. We clear the town, and are well out between the hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight.

THOMAS HUGHES.



LXII. — THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in sun and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedgerows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came,
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then by way of jest,

“Golondrina is my guest,
’T is the wife of some deserter !”

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor’s pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor’s tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, “Leave it standing !”

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o’er those walls of stone
Which the cannonade had shattered.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LXIII.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

I.

1. Father Chaufour is but the wreck of a man. In the place of one of his arms hangs an empty sleeve; his left leg was made by the turner, and he drags the right along with difficulty; but above these ruins rises a calm and happy face. While looking upon his countenance, radiant with a serene energy, while listening to his voice, the tone of which has the accent of goodness, we see that the soul has remained entire in the half-destroyed covering. The fortress is a little damaged, as Father Chaufour says, but the garrison is quite hearty.

2. I heard my neighbor humming a tune in his room and I determined to call upon him. I found him making large pasteboard boxes at a table, lighted by a little smoky lamp. I had hardly entered the room when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

“Eh! is it you, neighbor? Come in then!”

I paid my compliments on his having become my neighbor with a warmth which opened his heart.

3. “Faith! You seem to have the look of a

good comrade," said he in a voice of soldierlike cordiality, and shaking me by the hand. "I do not like those people who look on a landing-place as a frontier line, and treat their neighbors as if they were Cossacks. Sit down *there*, neighbor; I don't mean to order you; only take care of the stool; it has but three legs, and we must put good will in the place of the fourth."

4. "It seems that that is a treasure which there is no want of here," I observed.

"Good will!" repeated Chaufour; "that is all my mother left me, and I take it no son has received a better inheritance. Therefore, they used to call me Mr. Content in the batteries."

"You are a soldier then?"

"I served in the Third Artillery under the Republic, and afterward in the Guard, through all the commotions. I was at Jemappes and at Waterloo; so I was at the christening and at the burial of our glory, as one may say."

5. "And how old were you then, at Jemappes?" asked I.

"Somewhere about fifteen," said he.

"How came you to think about being a soldier so early?"

"I did not really think about it. I then worked

at toy-making, and never dreamed France could ask me for anything else than to make her draught boards, shuttlecocks, and cups and balls. But I had an old uncle whom I went to see from time to time, — a Fontenoy veteran. Unluckily, in those days there was no way for common people to get on. My uncle, whose services would have made him a prince, had then retired with the mere rank of a sub-lieutenant.

6. “But you should have seen him in his uniform, his cross of St. Louis, his wooden leg, his white mustaches, and his noble countenance. You would have said he was a portrait of one of those old heroes in powdered hair which are at Versailles !

“Every time I visited him he said something which remained fixed in my memory. But one day I found him quite grave.

“‘Jerome,’ said he, ‘do you know what is going on at the frontier?’

“‘No, lieutenant,’ replied I.

“‘Well,’ resumed he, ‘our country is in danger!’

“I did not well understand him, and yet it seemed something to me.

7. “‘Perhaps you have never thought what your country means,’ continued he, placing his

hand on my shoulder ; ‘it is all that surrounds you, all that has brought you up, fed you, all that you have loved ! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live,—this is your country !

“ ‘Think to yourself, my son, of your rights and your duties, your affections and your wants, your past and your present blessings ; write them all under a single name,—and that name will be your country !’

8. “I was trembling with emotion, and great tears were in my eyes. ‘Ah ! I understand,’ cried I ; ‘it is our home in large ; it is that part of the world where God has placed our body and soul.’

“ ‘You are right, Jerome !’ continued the old soldier ; ‘so you comprehend also what we owe to it.’

“ ‘Truly,’ resumed I, ‘we owe it all that we are ; it is a question of love.’

9. “ ‘And of honesty, my son,’ concluded he. ‘The member of a family who does not contribute his share of work and of happiness fails in his duty, and is a bad kinsman ; the member of a partnership who does not enrich it with all his

might, with all his courage, and with all his heart, defrauds it of what belongs to it, and is a dishonest man. It is the same with him who enjoys the advantage of having a country, and does not accept the burdens of it; he forfeits his honor and is a bad citizen!’

10. “‘And what must one do, lieutenant, to be a good citizen?’ asked I.

“‘Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother,’ said he.

“I did not answer at the moment; my heart was swelling, and the blood boiling in my veins; but on returning along the road I repeated: “‘Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother!’” And my country is in danger; an enemy attacks it, while I—I turn cups and balls!’

11. “This thought tormented me so much all night that the next day I returned to Vincennes to announce to the lieutenant that I had just enlisted and was going to the frontier. That is how, neighbor, I became a volunteer under the Republic before I had cut my wisdom teeth.”

All this was told quietly, and in the cheerful spirit of him who looks upon an accomplished duty neither as a merit nor as a grievance.

II.

1. Father Chaufour has just left my attic. There no longer passes a single day without his coming to work by my fire, or my going to sit and talk by his board. The old artilleryman has seen much, and likes to tell of it. For twenty years he was an armed traveler throughout Europe, and he fought without hatred, for he was possessed by a single thought, — the honor of the national flag!

2. "I shall never forget," he said to me the other day, "from how many follies the title of Frenchman has kept me. When, overcome with fatigue, I have found myself in the rear of the colors, and when the musketry was rattling, many a time I heard a voice, which whispered in my ear, 'Leave the others to fight to-day!' — but then, that word 'Français!' murmured within me, and I pressed forward to help my comrades.

3. "At other times, when, irritated by hunger, cold, and wounded, I have arrived at the hovel of some *Meinherr*, I have been seized by an itching to break the master's back and to burn his hut; but I whispered 'Français!' to myself, and this name would not rhyme with incendiary or murderer.

"The lieutenant, you see, had taught me a

magic word,—*My country!* Not only must we defend it, but we must also make it great and loved.”

4. I asked him whether both his limbs had been lost in the same battle.

“No, no!” replied he; “the cannon only took my leg; it was the Clamart quarries that my arm went to feed.”

And when I asked him for particulars,—“That’s as easy as to say ‘good morning,’” continued he. “After the great break-up at Waterloo, I stayed three months in the camp hospital to give my wooden leg time to grow. As soon as I was able to hobble a little, I took leave of headquarters, and took the road to Paris, where I hoped to find some relation or friend; but no,—all were gone, or underground.

5. “I had indeed met my old colonel, who recollected that I had helped him out of the skirmish at Montereau by giving him my horse, and he offered me bed and board at his house.

“I knew that he had married a castle and no few farms, so that I might become permanent coat brusher to a millionaire, which was not without its temptations. It remained to see if I had not anything better to do.

6. “‘Let us see, Chaufour,’ said I to myself ; ‘the question is to act like a man. The colonel’s place suits you, but cannot you do anything better ? Your body is still in good condition, and your arms strong. Do you not owe all your strength to your country ? Why not leave some old soldier, more cut up than you are, to get his hospital at the colonel’s ? Come, trooper, you are still fit for another stout charge or two ! You must not lay by before your time.’

7. “Whereupon I went to thank the colonel, and to offer my services to an old artilleryman, who had gone back to his home at Clamart, and who had taken up the quarryman’s pick again.

“With a good will one gets the better of stones, as of everything else. I did not become, so to speak, the leader of a column, but I brought up the rank among the good workmen, and I ate my bread with a good appetite, seeing I had earned it with a good will. The thought that I was working to do my part in changing rocks into houses pleased my heart. I said to myself, ‘Courage, Chaufour, you are helping to beautify your country.’ And that kept up my spirit.

8. “Unfortunately, some of my companions were rather too sensible of the charms of the

brandy bottle; so much so, that one day one of them thought proper to strike a light close to a charged mine. The mine exploded suddenly, and sent a shower of stone grape among us, which killed three men, and carried away the arm of which I have now only the sleeve."

9. "So you were again without means of living?" said I to the old soldier.

"That is to say, I had to change them," replied he quietly. "The difficulty was to find one which would do with five fingers instead of ten; I found it, however."

"How was that?"

"Among the Paris street sweepers."

"What! you have been one——"

10. "Of the pioneers of the health force for a while, neighbor, and that was not my worst time either. The corps of sweepers is not so low as it is dirty, I can tell you! I was as ragged and cheerful as the rest. Even in the mire of the gutter I preserved my faith that nothing is dishonorable which is useful to our country.

"'Chaufour,' said I to myself with a smile, 'after the sword, the hammer; after the hammer, the broom; you are going downstairs, my old boy, but you are still serving your country.'"

11. "However, you ended by leaving your new profession?" said I.

"A reform was required, neighbor. The street sweepers seldom have their feet dry, and the damp at last made the wounds in my good leg open again. It is now two months since I left off working in the Sanitary Department of Paris.

12. "At the first moment I was daunted. Of my four limbs I had now only my right hand, and even that had lost its strength; so it was necessary to find some gentlemanly occupation for it. After trying a little of everything I fell upon card-box making, and here I am at making cases for the lace and buttons of the National Guard; it is work of little profit; by getting up at four and working till eight, I earn sixty-five centimes; my lodging and bowl of soup take fifty of them, and there are three sous over for luxuries.

13. "So I am richer than France herself, for I have no deficit in my budget, and I continue to serve her as I save her lace and buttons."

Here is another member of that sacred phalanx who, in the battle of life, always march in front for the example and salvation of the world.

EMILE SOUVESTRE.

From "The Attic Philosopher,"

LXIV. — CONSIDER.

Consider

The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief —
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air, of small account;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount —
He guards us, too.

Consider

The birds, that have no barn nor harvest weeks;
God gives them food —
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LXV. — THE BUILDERS.

I.

1. "Working like a beaver," or "busy as a beaver," is a proverb that people accept without comment or curiosity. It is about one-third true. In winter, for five long months at least, the beaver does nothing but sleep, eat, and keep warm. "Lazy as a beaver" is then a good figure.

When the snow is gone and the streams are clear, and the twitter of bird songs meets the beaver's ear, he rises from the dark passage under water that leads to his house, forgets all settled habits and joins in the general heyday of nature. It is as if he were bound to see the world after being cooped up in his narrow quarters all winter.

2. Even the strong family ties, so interesting in beaver life, are for the time loosened. Every family group represents five generations. First, there are the two old beavers, heads of the family and absolute rulers. Next in importance are the baby beavers, no bigger than musquashes, with fur like silk velvet and eyes always wide open to the wonders of their first season out. Then the one- and two-year olds, frisky as boys let loose from school; and then the three-year olds, who

presently leave the group and go their separate ways in search of mates.

3. When the days grow short and chill, and the twitter of warblers gives place to the *honk* of passing geese, and wild ducks gather in the lakes, then the heart of the beaver goes back to his home, and presently he follows his heart.

September finds them gathered about the old home again, the older heads filled with plans of repair and new houses, and winter food, and many other things. It is then that the beaver begins to be busy.

4. His first concern is for a stout dam across the stream that will give him a pond and plenty of deep water. To understand this one must remember that the beaver intends to shut himself in a kind of prison all winter. He knows well that he is not safe on land a moment after the snow falls.

Some prowling wolverine would find his tracks and follow him, and his escape to water would be cut off by thick ice. So he plans a big claw-proof house with no entrance save a tunnel in the middle, which leads through the bank to the bottom of his artificial pond. Once this is frozen over, he cannot get out till the spring sun sets him free.

5. But he likes a big pond, that he may exercise a bit under water when he comes down for his dinner, and a deep pond, that he may feel sure that the hardest winter will never freeze down to his doorway and shut him in. Still more important, the beaver's food is at the bottom; and it would never do to trust it to shallow water, else it might get frozen into the ice and the beavers starve in their prison.

Ten to fifteen feet usually satisfies their instinct for safety; but to get that depth of water, especially on shallow streams, requires a huge dam and an enormous amount of work, to say nothing of planning. Beaver dams are solid structures always, built up of logs, brush, stones, and driftwood, well knit together by alder poles.

6. When a beaver colony has occupied a stream for years unmolested, dams are found close together. One summer, in canoeing in a wild and unknown stream, I found fourteen in a space of five miles. The food-wood above the first dam being cut off they move down stream, for the beaver always cuts on the banks above his dam, letting the current work for him in transportation.

Sometimes when the banks are such that a pond cannot be made, three or four dams will be

built close together, the backwater of one reaching up to the one above, like a series of locks on a canal. This is to keep the colony together and give room for play and storage.

II.

1. There are three ways of dam building in general use among beavers. The first is for use on sluggish, alder-fringed streams, where they can build up from the bottom. Two or three sunken logs form the foundation, which is from three to five feet broad. Sticks, driftwood, and stout poles, which the beavers cut on the banks, are piled on this and weighted with stones and mud.

2. The stones are rolled in from the bank or moved considerable distances under water. The mud is carried in the beaver's paws, which he holds up against his chin so as to carry a big handful without spilling. Beavers love such streams, with their alder shade and sweet grasses and fringe of wild meadows, better than all other places. And, by the way, most of the natural meadows and half the ponds of New England were made by beavers.

3. The second kind of dam is for swift streams. Stout, ten-foot brush is the chief material. The

brush is floated down to the spot selected; the tops are weighted down with stones and the butts left free, pointing down stream. Such dams must be built out from the sides. They are generally arched, the convex side being up stream so as to make a stronger structure.

4. When the arch closes in the middle, the lower side of the dam is banked heavily with earth and stones. That is shrewd policy on the beaver's part; for once the arch is closed by the brush, the current can no longer sweep away the stones used for the embankment.

5. The third kind is the strongest and easiest dam to build. It is for places where big trees lean out over the stream. Three or four beavers gather about a tree and begin to cut, sitting up on their broad tails. One stands above them on the bank, apparently directing the work. In a short time the tree is cut nearly through from the under side; then the beaver above begins to cut carefully. With the first warning crack he jumps aside, and the tree falls across straight where it is wanted.

6. All the beavers then disappear and begin cutting the branches that rest on the bottom. Slowly the tree settles till its trunk is at the right

height to make the top of the dam. The upper branches are then trimmed close to the trunk, and are woven with alders among the long stubs sticking down from the trunk into the river bed. Stones, brush, and mud are used freely to fill in the chinks, and in a remarkably short time the dam is complete.

7. All the beaver's cutting is done by chisel-edged front teeth. There are two of these in each jaw, extending a good inch and a half outside the gums, and meeting in a sharp bevel. The inner sides of the teeth are softer and wear away faster than the outer, so that the bevel remains the same ; and the action of the upper and lower teeth over each other keeps them always sharp. They grow so rapidly that a beaver must be constantly cutting wood to keep them worn down to comfortable size.

8. Often on wild streams you may find a stick floating down to meet you showing a fresh cut. You say, of course, "Somebody is camping. That stick is cut by a sharp knife." A beaver cut that stick thicker than a man's thumb, at a single bite. To cut an alder thicker than the diameter of a teacup is the work of a minute for the same tools ; and a towering birch tree falls in a

remarkably short time when attacked by three or four beavers.

9. Around the stump of such a tree you find a pile of two-inch chips, thick, white, clean cut, and arched to the curve of the beaver's teeth. Judge



BEAVERS BUILDING A DAM.

the workman by his chips, and this is a good workman. When the dam is built, the beaver cuts his winter food-wood. A colony of the creatures will often fell a whole grove of young birch or poplar on the bank above the dam. The branches with the best bark are then cut

into short lengths, which are rolled down the bank and floated to the pool at the dam.

10. The beaver's house is generally the last thing attended to. He likes to build this when the nights grow cold enough to freeze his mortar soon after it is laid. Two or three tunnels are dug from the bottom of the pond up through the bank, coming to the surface together at the point where the center of the house is to be. Around this he lays solid foundations of log and stone in a circle from six to fifteen feet in diameter, according to the number of beavers to occupy the house. On these foundations he rears a thick mass of sticks and grass, which are held together by plenty of mud. The top is roofed with stout sticks as in an Indian wigwam, and the whole domed over with grass, stones, sticks, and mud. Once this is solidly frozen, the beaver sleeps in peace; his house is burglar proof.

11. There are few creatures more difficult to observe than the beavers, both on account of their extreme shyness, and because they work only by night. The chances are against you, for they are suspicious, keen of ear and nose, and generally refuse to show themselves.

W. J. LONG.

Adapted from "Ways of Wood Folk."

LXVI. — A DISHONORED MAN.

1. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, direct from Paris. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

“Is there an American staying at your house?” he asked the landlord of the hotel. “I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World.”

2. The landlord hesitated a moment, then replied: “There is a gentleman upstairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell.”

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand — who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister — ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger’s door, knocked, and entered.

3. In the farther corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his

forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the down-cast brows, and gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression.

His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

4. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

5. The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber. He spoke as he stepped backward—his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say I have not a friend—not one, in all America!" Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

6. "Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more mockery than joy in its convulsive expression,—"my name is Benedict Arnold!" He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words, "*Arnold the Traitor!*"

7. Even in that secluded room at that inn in Havre his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name, the synonym of infamy. The last twenty years of his life were covered with a cloud, from the darkness of which but a few gleams of light flashed out upon the page of history.

8. The manner of his death is not exactly known. But we cannot doubt that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering the name of André in his ear, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, faithful to your duties as an American soldier and general, what might you have been, *O Arnold the Traitor!*"

LXVII.—THE RISING IN 1776.

[A SELECTION.]

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And, calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;

The text, a few short words of might, —
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right.”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words of Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

“Who dares” — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —

“Come out with me, in Freedom’s name,
For her to live, for her to die?”
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, “I!”

T. B. READ.



LXVIII.—OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills :
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :

Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

LXIX. — WISDOM.

1. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

2. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

3. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

PROVERBS III.

4. Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life. Get wisdom; get understanding. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

PROVERBS IV.

5. Doth not wisdom cry ? and understanding put forth her voice ? She crieth at the gates, at the coming in at the doors. “Unto you, O men, I call ; and my voice is to the sons of man. Hear ; for I will speak of excellent things ; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth ; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. Receive my instruction and not silver ; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. By me kings reign and princes decree justice.

6. “I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold ; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment ; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance.

7. “The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth ; before the mountains were settled, while as yet he had not made the earth,

nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

8. "When he prepared the heavens, I was there : when he set a compass upon the face of the depth : when he established the clouds above : when he strengthened the fountains of the deep : when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment : — then I was by him, as one brought up with him. I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.

9. "Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children : for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, but he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul."

PROVERBS VIII.

LXX. — THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

This amusing description of an imaginary banquet is taken from the "Barber's Sixth Brother," one of the famous stories of the "Arabian Nights." The word Barmecide is often used as an adjective and has come to mean a mere dream feast, an illusion, a castle in the air.

1. Shacabac was in a state of extreme poverty, possessing nothing of the goods of this perishable world. One day he went forth to seek for something with which to stay his departing spirit, and on his way he beheld a handsome house, with a wide and lofty vestibule, at the door of which were servants. He inquired of one of them to whom the house belonged. "This house belongeth to one of the Barmecide family," replied the servant.

2. Shacabac, therefore, advanced to the door-keepers and begged them to give him something; and they said: "Enter the door of the house, and thou wilt obtain what thou desirest of its master." So he entered the vestibule, and proceeded through it a while until he arrived at a mansion of the utmost beauty and elegance, having a garden in the midst of it unsurpassed in beauty by anything that had ever been seen. Its floors were paved with marble, and the silver spray of a fountain refreshed it.

3. Shacabac, advancing, beheld a man of handsome countenance and beard, who rose and welcomed him, and inquired respecting his circumstances. This was the Barmecide himself. Shacabac informed him that he was in want; and when the Barmecide heard his words he manifested excessive grief, and, taking hold of his own clothes, rent them, and exclaimed: "Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I cannot endure." Then promising him every kind of happiness, he said: "Thou must stay and partake of my salt."

4. But Shacabac replied: "O my master, I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger." Upon this the Barmecide called out: "Boy, bring the basin and ewer!" and then said to my brother: "O my guest, advance, and wash thy hands." The Barmecide then performed the same motions as if he were washing his hands, and called to his attendants to bring the table; whereupon they began to come and go as though they were preparing it.

5. After this the Barmecide took Shacabac and sat down with him at this imaginary table, and proceeded to move his hands and lips as if he were eating, saying to him, "Eat, and be not ashamed,

for I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger." Shacabac, therefore, made the same motions, as if he also were eating, while his host said to him: "Eat, and take note of the whiteness of this bread."

6. To this my brother at first made no reply; but observed in his own mind: "Verily this is a man who loveth to jest with others": so he said to the Barmecide: "O my master, in my life I have never seen bread more beautifully white than this, or any of sweeter taste." On which the Barmecide rejoined: "This was made by a female slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold."

7. He then called out: "Boy, bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings!" and, addressing Shacabac, he said: "Eat, O my guest; for thou art vehemently hungry and in absolute want of food." So my brother began to twist about his mouth, and to chew, as in eating. The Barmecide now proceeded to call for different kinds of viands, one after another; and, though nothing was brought, he continued urging my brother to eat.

8. Next the Barmecide called out: "Boy, place before us the chickens stuffed with almonds";

and said to his guest: "Eat that of which thou hast never tasted the like." "O my master," replied Shacabac, "verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor"; and the Barmecide thereupon began to put his hand to my brother's mouth as though he were feeding him with morsels, and proceeded to enumerate to him the different kinds of viands, and to describe their several excellences; while Shacabac's hunger so increased that he longed for a cake of barley bread.

9. The Barmecide then said to him: "Hast thou tasted anything more delicious than the spices in these dishes?" "Never, O my master," answered Shacabac. "Eat more, then," resumed the host, "and be not ashamed." "I have eaten enough of the meats," replied the guest. So the Barmecide called to his attendants to bring the sweets; and they moved their hands about in the air as if they were bringing them; whereupon the host said to my brother: "Eat of this dish, for it is excellent; and of these cakes, and take this one before the syrup runs from it."

10. After this the Barmecide called out to his attendants: "Bring the dried fruits!" and again they moved about their hands in the air as though they were doing what he ordered; when he said

to Shacabac: "Eat of these almonds, and of these walnuts, and of these raisins, and be not ashamed." "O my master," replied my brother, "I have had enough, and have not power to eat anything more"; but the host rejoined: "O my guest, eat and delight thyself; remain not hungry."

11. Shacabac now reflected upon his situation, and upon the manner in which this man was jesting with him, and said within himself: "I will do to him a deed that shall make him repent of these actions!"

12. The Barmecide next said to his attendants: "Bring us the wine"; and, as before, they made the same motions with their hands in the air as if they were doing what he commanded; after which he pretended to hand to my brother a cup, saying: "Take this cup, for it will delight thee"; and his guest replied: "O my master, how great is thy bounty!" and he acted as though he were drinking. "Hath the wine pleased thee?" said the Barmecide. "O my master," answered Shacabac, "I have never tasted anything more delicious." "Drink, then," rejoined the Barmecide, "and may it be attended with benefit and health."

13. He then himself pretended to drink, and to hand a second cup to my brother, who, after he

had affected to drink it, feigned himself intoxicated, and, taking his host unawares, raised his hand and struck him such a slap upon his neck that the chamber rang with the sound. This he followed by a second blow; whereupon the Barmecide exclaimed: "What is this, thou vilest of the creation?" "O my master," answered Shacabac, "I am thy slave, whom thou hast graciously admitted into thine abode, and thou hast fed him with thy provisions, and treated him with old wine, and he hath become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee; but thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with him for his ignorance."

14. When the Barmecide heard these words he uttered a loud laugh, and said to Shacabac: "Verily, for a long time have I made game of men and jested with persons accustomed to joking, but I have not seen among them any who could endure this trick of mine, excepting thee. Now, therefore, I pardon thee; and be thou my companion in reality, and never leave me." He then gave orders to bring a number of the dishes above mentioned, and he and my brother ate to satisfaction.

Thereafter they continued to live together as the best of friends for a period of twenty years.

LXXI. — THE STORY OF ST. GEORGE AND THE
DRAGON.

St. George of England is counted one of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

1. When Englishmen go forth to fight battles, they shout, "For England and St. George!" or "St. George and Merrie England!" and many a fight have they won to that old and honored cry. You may find St. George, too, on the back of old coins, trampling the dragon under his horse's feet. Whenever men put down a wrong thing in the land, when they overcome evil with good, whether in their own hearts, in the country where they dwell, or out in the wide world, then they show themselves true followers of St. George and true sons of England.

2. St. George, says the story, was carried off, when a child, by a wicked fairy, who took him across the seas and shut him up in her strong cave in the midst of a dark forest. Here she kept him for many years, using him very cruelly; but the boy was patient, and learned to bear pain without complaining, so that the wicked fairy was in truth training him up to be a great man, and making him a brave hero.

3. Not content with being unkind to him herself, she ordered a dwarf, who also lived in the cave, to beat and tease the boy as much as he could. The boy would not revenge himself on the poor dwarf, but did him a kindness as often as he could. At last, one day, when the wicked fairy was absent, the dwarf said to the prince: "Know, my good friend, that though I seem to you but a miserable dwarf, I am a fairy in disguise. I am not so powerful as the wicked fairy who keeps us here in prison ; but wait patiently ; I shall yet be able to set you free."

4. The young prince thanked the fairy, and his hopes were raised by her promise ; but he had yet many years to wait. These years were spent by the good dwarf in teaching the boy all princely knowledge, to ride, and wield the sword and poise the lance. Thus it was that, when he became a man, there was no knight to be found equal to St. George.

5. One day the friendly dwarf spoke thus to the prince: "Know, my prince, that our wicked enemy sleeps but once in a hundred years ; and then she sleeps for a whole week. All her power depends on the silver wand she carries ; but when she sleeps she hides this away so carefully that it

is difficult, indeed, to discover it. Yet we must try, for this is our only chance of escape." The young prince's heart beat high with hope as he heard these words, for he pined to escape from this dreary cavern.

6. Day after day they followed the wicked fairy, to see where she would place the silver wand — in vain; for when at last she fell asleep, they could nowhere find it. The prince and the dwarf searched high and low, in every gloomy passage and dark corner of the cavern, but no silver wand was to be seen. The prince looked among her robes and her jewels, among her gold and silver, and her rich armor; no wand could he find. The days passed on, and still both searched, and still they searched in vain.

7. Five days had thus passed away. The sixth day came, and that, too, ended, and they had not found the wand. They became very anxious, and searched more diligently than ever, for on that day the bad fairy was to awake. As the prince passed along a dark passage of the cavern, he saw at the end, by the light of his torch, a golden door. With repeated blows he broke it open. A steep flight of rugged stone steps led winding upwards, he knew not whither. Up he went, on and on;

sometimes the stair turned round and round, and at other times it went straight on.

8. Presently a door would bar his way, and he forced it open; then a long, long passage would appear, and more stairs; but he never paused even to take breath; and his friend, the dwarf, was at his heels and urged him on. At last the light of day burst upon him, and he found himself in a magnificent temple of alabaster, on the top of a lofty mountain. From the windows of this temple he could see many miles of lovely country with cities and fields, rivers and vineyards, quiet little villages, and noble castles.

9. He was so delighted with all he saw, that he forgot the silver wand and the wicked fairy; but the sound of a church bell rising up from the valley reminded him where he was, and that the hour was fast approaching when the terrible fairy would awake. He turned again to renew his search, when, on a velvet cushion lying on a marble table, he beheld the silver wand for which he had sought so long. He seized it at once.

10. "Follow me," said the dwarf, hurrying back; "no time is to be lost." Down the steps they ran, faster and faster, half leaping down a whole flight at a time. The bottom was reached at last,

but the golden door had closed again. In vain they pushed and strove ; it remained closely shut. Then the prince touched it with his silver wand. Instantly it flew open. Along the cavern they ran, and at last they reached the chamber where the fairy lay sleeping.

11. She was just beginning to awake ; her eyes were about to open. "Strike! strike!" said the dwarf; and the prince struck the bed with his wand. The bed began to sink ; down, down it went, amid fearful shrieks and cries ; the room was filled with vapor, and the cavern rocked. At length, when all was still, the prince found himself out in the thick forest, and by his side a charming fairy, who said to him with a smile : " You see I am no longer a dwarf." The prince was much pleased to see this, but when he turned to look for the cavern, it was nowhere to be seen.

II.

1. The good fairy now led him away to a castle of brass, where lay other prisoners as unhappy as they had been. Here they found six noble champions with their squires, and they set them all free. They were the champions of Scotland,

Wales, and Ireland ; of France, and Italy, and Spain ; and glad indeed were they to mount their horses and ride away in freedom.

2. The fairy brought out a horse for St. George, and this horse was called Bayard. Then she took him to a room in the castle, and chose him a suit of armor of the purest steel, and gave him a sword that would overcome in every fight. She bade him use his sword to defend his country, to punish the evil-doer, to protect the innocent ; and with that she sent him forth.

The knights rode till they came to a wide plain, in the center of which was a brazen pillar. Here seven roads met, and each of them choosing a different road, they parted company and set forth in search of adventures.

3. Many and wonderful adventures had the brave St. George as he went on his travels, always mounted on his noble steed Bayard, and bearing his trusty sword in his hand. Once he found a king full of trouble because a fearful dragon was ravaging his country. When Prince George heard this, he resolved to do battle with the dragon ; and, accordingly, the next morning he arose and went in search of his fierce enemy.

When he came to the valley where the dragon

lived, he had a fierce battle with him. His spear broke short in the fight, and once he and the noble Bayard, his horse, were both overthrown; but they rose up again, and St. George drew his faithful sword that never failed him, and at length pierced the dragon to the heart.

4. It would fill a large book to tell of all that St. George did in his lifetime; how often he drew his sword to defend the oppressed; how many poor prisoners he released; how many cruel giants and fierce bears he killed. I can only tell you that he never drew his sword in a bad cause, and that his faithful horse was always his companion.

5. And now you must hear the manner of his death. He had been absent from England many years and was returning home with much joy, when he was told a "doleful report, how there ranged up and down an infectious dragon, that so annoyed the country that the inhabitants thereof could not pass by without great danger." Fifteen knights had lost their lives in doing combat with this dragon. St. George no sooner heard this than he resolved either to free the land from so great a danger or to finish his days in the attempt. So, taking leave of all present, he rode forth with a noble and undaunted courage.

6. Coming to the middle of the plain, he there saw his dreadful enemy crouching on the ground in a deep cave. The monster, knowing that his death drew nigh, made a fearful yelling that seemed to shake the earth. Then, bounding from his den, he ran with much fury against the knight as if he meant to devour him, and his armor, and his steed, in a moment. But the brave St. George quickly wheeled his horse round out of his way.

7. At length, after a long combat, the good knight conquered this last time also, and the dragon lay dead upon the plain; but, alas! the sting in his tail had more than once pierced through the openings in St. George's armor, so that he was bleeding from many wounds. He contrived to ride back to his native city of Coventry, where all the people came out to meet him as if he had been a king. But no sooner had he ridden into the city than he fell back fainting from his horse, and died without a sigh. The king and the people all mourned for him, and the day on which he was buried was named St. George's day.

LXXII.—A SUMMER SHOWER.

Welcome, rain or tempest,
From yon airy powers,
We have languished for them
Many sultry hours,
And earth is sick and wan, and pines with all
her flowers.

What have they been doing
In the burning June?
Riding with the genii?
Visiting the moon?
Or sleeping on the ice amid an arctic noon?

Bring they with them jewels
From the sunset lands?
What are these they scatter
With such lavish hands?
There are no brighter gems in Raolconda's sands.

Pattering on the gravel,
Dropping from the eaves,
Glancing in the grass, and
Tinkling on the leaves,
They flash the liquid pearls as flung from fairy
sieves.

Meanwhile, unreluctant,
Earth like Danaë lies;
Listen! is it fancy,
That beneath us sighs,
As that warm lap receives the largesse of the
skies?

Wait, thou jealous sunshine,
Break not on their bliss;
Earth will blush in roses
Many a day for this,
And bend a brighter brow beneath thy burning
kiss.

HENRY TIMROD.

LXXIII. — A LION HUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

I.

1. High up in the snowy fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains the biting cold of the thin atmosphere is not tempered to the wants of the wild herds and packs and flocks that flee to them in summer from the haunts of man.

As winter approaches, the snow circle descends the mountain sides, and day by day the grazing herds must follow the descending line of subsistence.

2. The remorseless packs follow the trail of the herds and pick off belated stragglers. The flocks, which seem independent, but which must, in fact, subsist on the remnant left by the herds or on the spoil left by the packs, drop down day by day to the lower levels they left some months before.

3. And so, all chased from above by the bitter cold down the mountain slopes, the struggle for existence goes on like an ever repeated drama. Elk and deer lead the van; wolves and wildcats and mountain lions and bears hang on the rear; grouse run among them, eagles and hawks soar above them.

4. By the middle of winter this downward procession reaches the habitations of man. Then the herds depend upon isolation and the period of exemption by law for security. Then the carnivora find their prey increased by the young of domestic animals. Then man is apt to recall that he is lord of creation, and to take his rifle and go forth to assert his lordship.

Last year the mountain lions were so numerous and their depredations were so exasperating that a call was issued in the public prints for a meeting of sportsmen to arrange for an expedition against mountain lions.

5. Hunters came from all points of the compass. Some came on foot, some on horseback, and some in a palace car. The problem was to divide the crowd into organized parties, with mounts, packs of dogs, and skillful guides for each division. Eight districts were selected for hunting grounds. The party we shall follow were gathered in a road wagon pulled by four mountain ponies, and driven eighteen miles to a ranch house where mounts and dogs were provided.

6. The mountain lion is himself one of the greatest still-hunters in the world. He has velvet paws that make no sound. He is built for darkness

and deceit, and his stealthy movements mark his treacherous instincts. On the chase he comes out from cover only at the last moment, and he springs upon his quarry from behind.

It is doubtless because he is such a master in this art that it is so easy for him to elude the still-



A MOUNTAIN LION.

hunter who comes after him. One might as well hunt for his shadow against the sun as to still-hunt the mountain lion. Instances are on record of his evading the still-hunter for hours and then stealthily following him to the vicinity of the camp.

7. And nature has provided him with the power of effacing himself till the moment for attack

arrives. Man has no physical powers to meet this special gift. His eye requires light; he walks erect and each step ends in a jar. But man makes up for these defects. The velvet foot of the lion, soft as it is, makes its broad mark in the feathery snow. Man sees the imprint and calls his ally, the hound, to his aid. Then the animal with an eye is chased by the animal with a nose. The lion's power of concealing himself from the eye is of no avail when the chase is up, for to the nose of the dog the cougar has left behind a reeking trail; and this trail, so faint to man, the dog seizes and winds up to the quarry itself.

II.

1. Our party had a magnificent pack of hounds, led by old Hec, who had a history and a reputation. At five in the afternoon old Hec "opened," and every huntsman knew that the chase was up. Our leader made a quick dash in order to cut his fighting dogs out of the pack and save them for the finish. In a chase the trail is given to the foxhounds, and when the animal is "treed" the fighting dogs are given liberty so that they can aid in the struggle that must ensue when the lion springs from the tree.

2. By some mischance, a loose stone or a snow-covered pit, Mr. Goff's horse going at full speed fell, caught his rider's foot and broke his ankle. The pack sped up the gorge on the trail. The horse clambered to his feet, but our guide lay stretched upon the snow. We lifted him on his horse and turned back to the ranch house, and one of the party took a different route for a doctor.

3. The pack had gone, and Mr. Goff said that if they treed a lion they would stay with him till the horn called them off or starvation raised the siege. If they chased for miles and lost the trail at last, they might be days getting back to the ranch. And there was but one more day of our appointed time. It was concluded on all sides that the hunt was over.

4. Not a hound returned during the night, and there was nothing we could do the next morning but turn our lion hunt into a dog hunt. For this purpose we did not need rifles, but some of the party, from force of habit, carried revolvers. We mounted and rode to the scene of the accident, and from there followed the trail of the dogs where we could, guessing the direction where we must.

5. A little after noon the dogs were dimly seen hundreds of feet above us gathered around an old

tree. When a shout was raised calling the dogs in, old Hec raised his nose in air and made the welkin ring. The rest of the pack made a noisy, if not harmonious, chorus, and the hearts of the hunters began to beat rapidly. "A lion, sure," said one sanguine Nimrod. "A cat, at least," said another. "If I owned those dogs, money couldn't buy them," said another.

6. We put spurs to our horses and hurried up the mountain, and our spirits rose faster than our altitude. The opinion became universal that it was a lion, and a big one. In a few minutes more we had neared the tree considerably. Suddenly those of us who happened to be looking saw a tawny object flash through the air as the lion sprang from the tree to the ground.

7. There was a sharp, brief chase, accompanied by the baying of hounds, and the lion, close pressed, again took to a tree. How eager we were that he should keep this perch till we arrived on the scene! How we urged our horses! Soon we could see patches of the lion's skin and the dogs with upturned muzzles beneath the tree. A lucky rifle shot would have ended the matter, but our rifles were miles away. One of our party took his chance with a pistol shot. The lion sprang to

the ground, knocked over two dogs that charged, and made a dash for liberty.

8. By this time the excitement was intense. The lion no doubt felt himself in desperate straits. The dogs had held the quarry all night in the bitter wind, and now the belated hunter had had a shot and had apparently done no execution.

The party rode nearer, and the hunter most advantageously situated, took a shot with his pistol. The pack sprang at the lion, that is, the pack with the exception of Hec. He waited till the wild jumble of dogs and lion showed what he thought was an opening, then sprang to the attack.

9. The lion met it with a blow which might have shaken an ox, and Hec rolled down the mountain, his scalp and shoulder laid open in several places. The other dogs, one by one and bearing various wounds, drew out, though they still stood guard. Old Hec gathered himself together and returned to the attack.

10. Now his savage instincts were on fire and he threw prudence to the winds. He sprang with full force straight at the lion's throat and the blow carried the lion over. Instantly the remainder of the pack jumped on the exposed parts of the lion's body. What happened in the next few moments

no man may record. Charles Gibler, an old-time hunter who has killed every kind of big game known to this generation in the United States, felt a hunter's instinct to save a faithful dog rising so strongly that he determined to take a part.

11. He jumped from his horse, took his revolver in his hand, and approached the fighting, bleeding group. When he reached a proper position he could not shoot, for fear of killing a dog. He moved closer. The lion caught sight of the approaching hunter and at once abandoned the dogs and crept toward the man. Gibler stopped and looked steadfastly into the green eyes of the infuriated beast.

12. It seemed an age. Nearer and nearer crept the beast with slowly moving tail; still as a statue stood the man.

Now by its slow approach the lion had reached the point for a spring. It crouched closer to the ground. The spring and the shot seemed to be simultaneous. The lion fell dead within two feet of Gibler's feet.

LEONARD LEMMON.

LXXIV. — KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Hark! 't is the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clambered the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted them down for the fight!

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'T is the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunters who hear of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With the knife and the rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather —
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,

And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:—

“The British—the Tories are on us;
And now is the moment to prove,
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free!”

No war council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,

Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded,—
The hunters to hem in the prey,—
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

An hour, and the battle is over;
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenes the wrongs of the state;
And the oak tree for many a season
Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

LXXV. — THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland?

Is it where he by chance was born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scant borders to be spanned?

Oh yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free.

Is it alone where freedom is,

Where God is God and man is man?

Doth he not claim a broader span

For the soul's love of home than this?

Oh yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free.

Where'er 'a human heart doth wear

Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,

There is the true man's birthplace grand,

His is a world-wide fatherland.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LXXVI.—OUR HOMES AND THE SABBATH.

1. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation.

2. Let us make them homes of refinement, in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen.

3. And, above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love; build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible,—that book of books, in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain.

4. Let us keep sacred the Sabbath of God in its purity, and have no city so great, or village so

small, that every Sunday morning shall not stream forth over towns and meadows the golden benediction of the bells, as they summon the people to the churches of their fathers, and ring out in praise of God and the power of His might.

5. Let us keep the states of this Union in the current of the sweet old fashion, that the sweet rushing waters may lap their sides, and everywhere from their soil grow the tree, the leaf whereof shall not fade, and the fruit whereof shall not die.

6. Let us remember that the home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

HENRY W. GRADY.

LXXVII.—THE OPENING OF THE SHOP.

This selection and the following, "The Little Shopkeeper," are adapted from "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne's fascinating romance of early colonial life in New England. The old gentlewoman, Hepzibah Pyncheon, to earn her living is forced to become "the keeper of a cent shop" in her ancestral home, the House of the Seven Gables.

1. The shop bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks in unison with the sound.

"Heaven help me!" she groaned mentally. "Now is my hour of need!"

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple.

2. He was clad in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a chip hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices. A book and a small slate under his arm indicated that he was on his way to school.

He stared at Hepzibah a moment, not knowing what to make of the queer scowl wherewith she regarded him.

3. "Well, child," said she, taking heart at sight of a person so little formidable,—"well, my child, what did you wish for?"

"That Jim Crow, there, in the window," answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and



HEPZIBAH'S FIRST CUSTOMER.

pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice as he loitered along; "the one that has not a broken foot." So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and, taking the effigy from the shop window, delivered it to her first customer.

4. "No matter for the money," said she, giving him a little push towards the door. It seemed such pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. "No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow."

The child, staring with round eyes at this liberality, took the man of gingerbread and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth.

As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him.

5. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop bell tinkled. Again the door being thrust open, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

"What is it now, child?" asked the maiden lady rather impatiently; "did you come back to shut the door?"

"No," answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; "I want that other Jim Crow."

6. "Well, here it is for you," said Hepzibah, reaching it down. But, recognizing that this customer would not quit her on any other terms, so long as she had a gingerbread figure in her shop, she partly drew back her extended hand,—
"Where is the cent?"

The little boy had the cent ready, but, like a true-born Yankee, would have preferred the better bargain to the worse. He put the coin into Hepzibah's hand and departed, sending the second Jim Crow in quest of the former one.

7. The new shopkeeper dropped the first result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done. The stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm.

Now let Hepzibah turn the old portraits with their faces to the wall, and take the map of her Eastern territory to kindle the kitchen fire. What had she to do with ancestry? No lady now, but simply Hepzibah Pyncheon, the keeper of a cent shop!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LXXVIII.—THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER.

1. "Do not trouble yourself, dear cousin!" cried Phoebe, starting lightly up. "I am shopkeeper to-day."

"You, child!" exclaimed Hepzibah. "What can a little country girl know of such matters?"

"Oh, I have done all the shopping for the family at our village store," said Phoebe. "And I have had a table at a fancy fair, and made better sales than anybody. These things are not to be learnt; they depend upon a knack. You shall see that I am as nice a little saleswoman as I am a housewife."

2. The old gentlewoman stole behind Phoebe and peeped from the passageway into the shop, to note how she would manage her undertaking. It was a case of some intricacy. A very ancient woman, in a white short gown and a green petticoat, with a string of gold beads about her neck, and what looked like a nightcap on her head, had brought a quantity of yarn to barter for the commodities of the shop.

3. She was probably the very last person in town who still kept the time-honored spinning wheel in constant revolution. It was worth while

to hear the croaking and hollow tones of the old lady and the pleasant voice of Phoebe mingling in one twisted thread of talk; and still better to contrast their figures,—so light and bloomy, so decrepit and dusky,—with only the counter betwixt them in one sense, but more than three-score years in another. As for the bargain, it was wrinkled slyness and craft pitted against native truth and sagacity.

“Was not that well done?” asked Phoebe, laughing, when the customer was gone.

4. “Nicely done, indeed, child!” answered Hepzibah. “I could not have gone through it nearly so well. As you say, it must be a knack.” Thus Hepzibah was well content to acknowledge Phoebe’s vastly superior gifts as a shopkeeper; she listened with compliant ear to her suggestions of various methods whereby the influx of trade might be increased and rendered profitable, without a hazardous outlay of capital. She consented that the village maiden should manufacture yeast, both liquid and in cakes; and should brew a certain kind of beer, nectareous to the palate and of rare virtues; and, moreover, should bake and exhibit for sale some little spice cakes, which whosoever tasted would longingly desire to taste again.

5. All such proofs of a ready mind and skillful handiwork were highly acceptable to the aristocratic huckstress, so long as she could murmur to herself, with a grim smile, and a half natural sigh, and a sentiment of mixed wonder, pity, and growing affection, — “What a nice little body she is! If she could only be a lady, too! — but that is impossible! Phoebe is no Pyncheon. She takes everything from her mother.”

6. As to Phoebe's not being a lady, or whether she were a lady or no, it was a point, perhaps, difficult to decide, but which could hardly have come up for judgment in any fair and healthy mind. . . . She shocked no canon of taste; she was admirably in keeping with herself, and never jarred against surrounding circumstances. Her figure, to be sure, would hardly have suited one's ideas of a countess. Neither did her face — with the brown ringlets on either side, and the slightly piquant nose, and the wholesome bloom, and the clear shade of tan, and the half a dozen freckles — precisely give us a right to call her beautiful.

7. But there was both luster and depth in her eyes. She was very pretty; as graceful as a bird, and graceful in much the same way; as pleasant about the house as a gleam of sunshine, falling on

the floor through a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as a ray of firelight that dances on the wall, while evening is drawing nigh.

It really seemed as if the battered visage of the House of the Seven Gables, black and heavy-browed as it still certainly looked, must have shown a kind of cheerfulness glimmering through its dusky windows as Phoebe passed to and fro in the interior.

8. Otherwise it is impossible to explain how the people of the neighborhood so soon became aware of the girl's presence. There was a great run of custom setting steadily in, from about ten o'clock until towards noon,—relaxing somewhat at dinner time, but recommencing in the afternoon, and, finally, dying away half an hour or so before the long day's sunset. Phoebe laughed as she summed up her aggregate of sales upon the slate, while Hepzibah, drawing on a pair of silk gloves, reckoned over the sordid accumulation of copper coin, not without silver intermixed, that had jingled into the till.

9. "We must renew our stock, Cousin Hepzibah!" cried the little saleswoman. "The gingerbread figures are all gone, and so are those Dutch wooden milkmaids, and most of our other play-

things. There has been a constant inquiry for cheap raisins, and a great cry for whistles, and trumpets, and jew's-harps; and at least a dozen little boys have asked for molasses candy. And we must contrive to get a peck of russet apples, late in the season as it is. But, dear cousin, what an enormous heap of copper! Positively a copper mountain!"

10. The life of the long and busy day — spent in occupations that might so easily have taken a squalid and ugly aspect — had been made pleasant, and even lovely, by the spontaneous grace with which these homely duties seemed to bloom out of Phoebe's character; so that labor, while she dealt with it, had the easy and flexible charm of play.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LXXIX. — THE SHIPWRECK.

1. The natives of a little maritime place between Naples and Rome might be seen flocking to the sea beach, with eyes cast seaward at a ship that labored against a stiff gale.

To those on the beach, that battered frame of wood seemed alive and struggling against death with a panting heart. But could they have been transferred to her deck, they would have seen not one beating heart, but many, and not one nature, but a score, coming out clear in that fearful hour.

2. The mariners stumbled about the deck, handling the ropes as each thought fit. The passengers were huddled together, some sitting, some kneeling, some lying prostrate and grasping the bulwarks as the vessel rolled and pitched.

One young man, whose ashy cheeks but compressed lips showed how hard the terror was battling in him with self-respect, stood a little apart, holding tight by a shroud. It was the ill-fated Gerard.

3. Suddenly the sail was torn out with a loud crack, and fluttered into the sea half a mile off, like a sheet of paper. Ere the helmsman could put the ship's head before the wind, a wave

drenched the poor wretches to the bone, giving them a foretaste of chill death.

4. Some lay flat and prayed to the sea. Others wailed or moaned each time the ship rolled or pitched more terribly than usual; and she was now a mere plaything in the arms of the tremendous waves.

5. A Roman woman of the humbler class sat silent amid that wailing throng. Her lips moved at times in prayer, but she never wept or lamented. Whenever the ship seemed really gone under their feet, she kissed her child, but that was all.

A gigantic friar stood on the upper deck, with feet apart, like the Colossus of Rhodes, ignoring the peril that surrounded him.

6. Thus even here two were found who maintained the dignity of our race — a woman, tender yet heroic, and a monk steeled by religion against mortal fears.

But now the hull, no longer impelled by canvas, could not keep ahead of the sea. It struck her again and again, and the tremendous blows seemed given by a rocky mountain, not a liquid.

7. The captain came amidships, pale as death. "Lighten her!" he cried. "Fling all overboard, or we shall founder ere we strike."

While the sailors were executing this order, the captain, pale himself and surrounded by pale faces demanding to know their fate, was talking as unlike an English skipper as can well be imagined.

a. "Friends," said he, "last night, when all was fair, there came a globe of fire close to the ship. When a pair of them come it is good luck, and naught can drown her that voyage. We mariners call these fiery globes Castor and Pollux. But if Castor come without Pollux, she is doomed. Therefore, like good Christians, prepare to die."

9. These words were received with a loud wail. To a trembling inquiry how long they had to prepare, the captain replied: "She may or may not last half an hour; she leaks like a sieve; hustle men, lighten her."

The poor passengers seized everything that was on deck. Presently they laid hold of a heavy sack; an old man was lying on it, seasick. They lugged it from under him. It rattled.

10. Two of them drew it to the side; up started the owner, and with an unearthly shriek pounced on it.

"What would you do? 'Tis my all; 't is the whole fruits of my journey; silver candlesticks, silver plates."

11. Numbers soon wrenched it from him and heaved it over the side. It splashed into the waves. Then its owner uttered one cry of anguish and stood glaring, his white hair streaming in the wind, and was going to leap after it, and would, had it floated. But it sunk and was gone forever.

And now the captain cried out: "See! there is a church in sight. Steer for that church, mate, and you, friends, pray."

12. So they steered for the church and prayed to the unknown God it was named after. A tremendous sea broke the rudder and flooded the deck. At this moment the sailors were seen preparing to desert the ship in the little boat, which even then every ship carried. Then there was a rush and thirty souls crowded into it.

13. Three who were bewildered, and two who were paralyzed with terror, remained behind.

Besides these, there was one on his knees, praying over the wooden statue, which the sailors had reverently detached from the mast.

14. And there was the old man, palsied, but not by fear. He sat cross-legged, bemoaning his bag, and, whenever the spray lashed him, shook his fist at it. The friar stood calmly communing

with his own spirit. The Roman woman sat pale and patient, only drawing her child closer to her bosom as death came nearer.

15. Gerard saw this, and it awakened his manhood. "See! see!" he said, "they have left the poor woman and her child to perish."

His heart soon set his wits at work. He ran to find a cask or a plank to float her. There was none. Then his eyes fell on the wooden image. "Come," he cried; "I'll lash thee and the child to this. 'T is sore worm-eaten, but 't will serve."

16. She turned her great dark eyes on him and said a single word: "Thyself?"

But with wonderful tenderness he answered: "I am a man and have no child to take care of."

He lashed the image to her side. The ship was now so low that by using an oar as a lever he could slide her into the water.

"Come," he said, "while yet there is time."

17. She turned her eyes, wet now, upon him. "Poor youth! God forgive me! My child!"

He launched her on the surge, and with his oar kept her from being battered against the ship. A heavy hand fell on him: a deep sonorous voice sounded in his ear: "'T is well. Now come with me."

It was the friar. Gerard turned, and the friar took two strides and laid hold of the broken mast. Gerard did the same, obeying him instinctively.

18. "Fling it in," said the friar, "and follow it." They flung it in, but one of the passengers had run after them and jumped first, and got on one end. Gerard seized the other, and the friar the middle. It was a terrible situation. The mast rose and plunged with each wave like a kicking horse, and the spray blinded them.

19. Presently was heard a long, grating noise ahead. The ship had struck; and soon after they were hurled against her with tremendous force. Their companion's head struck against the broken rudder, and he sank directly. The friar took his place.

One moment they saw nothing and seemed down in a basin of watery hills; the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms with wild Italian gestures to encourage them.

20. At last they came close to the shore; but the suction outward baffled all their attempts to land. Then the natives sent stout fishermen into the sea, held by long spears, in a triple chain, and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives, and went on to Rome. He did not even cast a glance back upon that sea which had so nearly engulfed him.

21. The sea broke up the ship and swept the captain safe ashore. Gerard had a principal hand in pulling him out of the water.

The disconsolate old man landed on another fragment, and on touching earth offered a reward for his bag, which excited little sympathy but some amusement.

As Gerard stood by the sea watching, with horror and curiosity mixed, his late companions washed ashore, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder.

22. He turned. It was the Roman matron burning with gratitude. She took his hand gently, and, raising it slowly to her lips, kissed it. Then, with face all beaming and moist eyes, she held up her child and made him kiss his preserver.

Next day towards afternoon, Gerard—a boy no longer but a man who had grazed death by land and sea—reached the Eternal City.

CHARLES READE.

LXXX.—THE STORY OF EPPIE.

The following selection has been taken from George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. A little girl whose mother lay dead in the snow had wandered to the cottage of Silas Marner, a weaver and the hero of the story. Silas had recently been robbed of a large sum of money, and, at the time when the child entered the house, had fallen into a fit of unconsciousness. On waking he discovers his little visitor, whom he afterward named Eppie, bestowing upon her the affection he had previously given only to his gold.

1. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child, — a fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?*

2. He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision — it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

3. But soon there was a cry on the hearth ; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into cries of "Mammy." Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought



SILAS MARNER AND EPPIE.

himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

4. He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained

from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against something that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if they hurt her.

5. He took her on his knee again, and got them off with difficulty. The wet boots at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow. He raised her in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "Mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking.

6. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the fresh-fallen snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was before him a human body, with the head sunk low, and half covered with the shaken snow.

7. By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. For example, he had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

8. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were required. These scissors had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a little mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors and toddled to the bed again.

9. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in

a jagged but effectual manner, in two minutes she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him; Eppie had run out by herself — had perhaps fallen into the stone pit.

10. Silas rushed out, calling “Eppie!” and ran eagerly about. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope,—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he usually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her if she were there. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

11. Here sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

12. Silas could do nothing but snatch his treasure up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie and make her remember. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole, a small cupboard near the hearth.

13. "Naughty, naughty Eppie," he began, holding her on his knee and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes — "naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

14. He put her into the coal-hole and held the door closed with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Open, open!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole, — a black, naughty place."

15. The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on. In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his back to

see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in the coal-hole!"

* * *

16. "Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey Cass, looking at his daughter, "it will always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you will come to love us as well; and though I have n't been what a father should have been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that will be a blessing you have n't known since you were old enough to know it."

17. "My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly, — it was a weaver's hand, — while she spoke with cold decision.

18. "Thank you, ma'am — thank you, sir, for your offers — they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight in life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home thinking of me and feeling lonely. We've been happy together every day, and I can't think of any happiness without him. And he says he had nobody in the world till I was sent to him, and he would have nothing when I was gone. He has taken care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives."

19. "But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas in a low voice, "you must make sure that you won't ever be sorry because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might have had everything of the best." "I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think of or to wish for with fine things about me that I have n't been used to."

20. "What you say is natural, my dear child,"

said Nancy mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you should n't turn your back on it."

"I can't feel that I've got any father but one," said Eppie, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little home where he would sit in the corner, and I should do everything for him; I can't think of any other home. I was n't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks and their ways. And," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "I'm promised to marry a working-man, who will live with father and help me to take care of him."

21. Godfrey looked at Nancy with a flushed face and smarting eyes.

"Let us go," he said in an undertone.

"We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again."

* * *

"O father," said Eppie to Silas, as they came in sight of the house after the wedding, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

GEORGE ELIOT.

LXXXI. — PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN."

SCENE. — *Northampton. A room in the Castle.**Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which thou wilt find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1st Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out
the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look
to 't. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad, come forth: I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, 't is not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. (aside) If I talk to him, with his innocent
prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. (aside) His words do take possession of
my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]*

(Aside) I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again ;
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;
Saying, ' What lack you ? ' and ' Where lies your
grief ? '

Or, ' What good love may I perform for you ? '
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning ; do, and if you will :
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine
eyes ?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, etc.

Hub. Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! Mine eyes
are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1st Attend. I am best pleased to be from such
a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote
in yours.

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, — let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!

So, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with
grief,

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do you will but make it blush

ALL THAT WITH STAINES I DO PROCEEDINGS, Hubert :
 ALL THINGS THAT I SHOULD USE TO BE THE WRONG
 THAT I HAVE DONE, I DO NOW DO TO RIGHT.
 THE RIGHT THAT I HAVE DONE AND THEN EXTEND.

THAT I HAVE DONE TO THE RIGHT-DOING USES.

WELL, WELL, WELL, I WILL NOT TOUCH THINE

I WILL THE TREASURE THAT THINE WIFE OWES :
 FOR AN I-SWORN AND I AM PURPOSED, BOY,
 WITH THIS SAME VERY MEAN TO LOSE THEM OUT.

WELL, I NOW YOU LOOK LIKE HUBERT : ALL THIS WHILE
 I HAVE BEEN ASHAMED.

WELL, WELL, WELL, I HAVE NO MORE. Adieu ;
 THAT I HAVE MUST NOT KNOW BUT YOU ARE DEAD :
 I WILL THESE DOTTLED SPOTS WITH FALSE REPORTS.
 AND PRYING SHALL SLEEP DOUBTLESS AND SECURE
 THAT HUBERT, FOR THE WEALTH OF ALL THE WORLD,
 WILL NOT OFFEND THEE.

ALL. O HEAVEN !— I THANK YOU, HUBERT.

HUB. SILENCE : NO MORE : GO CLOSELY IN WITH ME.
 MUCH DANGER DO I UNDERGO FOR THEE. [Exit.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

APPENDIX.

METHOD IN TEACHING.

COVERING POINTS IN RELATION TO FLUENCY, GRASP OF MEANING,
USAGES OF WORDS, ORAL READING, THE VOICE, THE LIPS,
RECITATION, READING BY TURN AND AT CALL, READING FOR
KNOWLEDGE AND FOR CULTURE.

THE following considerations may be of value in reminding the busy teacher of some of the objects sought in connection with the reading hour.

1. There is not, in average pupils of the grade, *fluency*, either in the calling of words or the *visual grasp* of periods of sufficient length for smooth and intelligent reading. To obviate this, ask the questions, "How many words (or, later, lines) can you take in *by a single look?*" "Could you tell if there was a word you either did not know or could not pronounce?" Pupils so challenged will soon become quick in detecting pitfalls in the way and removing them before attempting to read. If they fail to say, "I do not know how to pronounce, etc.," it should be treated as a fault if they blunder. In lower grades difficult words are placed at the head of each lesson; at this stage it is much better to study them as they stand in the text.

2. The *grasp of thought* may be gained at too great a cost if the reader is interrupted and the interest in the class turned aside. A good rule in this line might be, "Would the author, if present, feel that the piece was sacrificed to considerations of drill?" Whatever may be true in other studies the reading lesson should be inspiring. It is much to ask that the teacher, to whom the lessons bring nothing fresh, shall bring zest to them; nevertheless it is a requisite and can be done without dissembling.

3. The *content of words* and their elasticity in our hands is a very illuminating study. If the teacher has not followed it to any extent, a book on etymology and a dictionary will afford all needful aid. As colors are affected by other colors, so words are to be viewed, not as fixed entities, but as standing in sentence relation.

4. *Oral reading* has a difficulty to encounter at this stage. It is the self-conscious period, which should be met with appreciation on the teacher's part, but is best treated by apparent non-recognition, a matter of resolution and tact. Some feel it most in getting started and should read long paragraphs, while the opposite is kindness in other cases. There are times when poor readers should be kept in the background, but it should always be made up to them in the end. A true insight into the cause of difficulty will help the teacher in meeting it.

5. Lessons giving definiteness to the use of the *voice*, which at this period may be undergoing a natural change, must be conducted with caution, but the result can be secured by directing attention to the *lips*. If teachers will observe the looseness, mobility, of the mouth in reading, it will account for all the difficulty. The action of mind upon body is much talked of; this is a case for proving it, but also the no less obvious reaction of body upon mind. If character is the result of habit, and firmness has the mouth for its organ, the teacher has an opportunity for most interesting work in simply teaching enunciation.

6. The old-fashioned practice of *reciting* pieces has been succeeded by nothing so good. It is as well perhaps that the book be held in the hand for reference, to lessen embarrassment, but the standards in reading can be kept up by no better practice than five minutes a day spent by the pupils in turn, rendering in their best style some appropriate selection.

7. *Reading in turn* saves time and gives each pupil his chance, but these advantages may be secured to almost as great a degree and with better results by frequently breaking this habit. *Reading at call* is the only method for insuring the close attention of pupils.

8. The lesson in question should in a way be its own law as to the object sought. Some are chiefly valuable for training in the art of reading, some for nice discrimination in thought, some for information, some for the impression it lies in their power to make. No lesson serves all these purposes equally, but any hour will be better spent if the teacher grasps its best possibilities, and dexterously, though with very little talk or time, promotes them.

WORDS OR PHRASES FOR LESSON REFERENCE.

Lesson 1. — The *prairie dog* belongs to the rodents, the order of the rat, squirrel, rabbit, marmot (which it resembles), and beaver. It barks like a dog, from which fact it receives its name.

The *badger* is carnivorous. A white mark over the forehead — a badge — is the explanation of its name. From its habit of teasing we have the verb *to badger*.

It is taken for granted that the Fourth Grade teacher will need no aid in conducting the ordinary word study, which should cover the use of even so simple words as *prairie, soil and gravel, burrowing, Missouri*, etc., and also the subsequent writing of unfamiliar words.

Lesson 2. — *Bloomed or blossomed*. Each of these words is used separately to refer to the flowering of plants. When used together, blooming belongs to the opening of the flower, blossoming to the whole process of plant reproduction, the forming of flower and seed.

Marjoram and basil, sweet-smelling plants of the mint family, useful in cookery. *Essence*, the real nature or character.

Should not be confused. The two things the miller wishes to keep distinct are things which have a money value and those which in his mind cost nothing. *Flour* stands for the first, and *friendship* for the second.

Lesson 4. — Consult a geography for an account of the remarkable rise of tides at certain seasons in the Bay of Fundy.

Disguising his anxiety, turning attention to other things to conceal his real fear.

Pretext of racing the coats, pretence, a plan for covering a real issue. *Tie*, to keep an even score, as in a game; from the device of two persons riding one horse, when one rides him a distance and ties him for the use of the other who is following on foot. The latter by making short cuts sometimes *ties evenly*.

Lesson 6. — *Embassies*. An embassy is usually an affair of state or a solemn public errand to carry a message. To the little girl family affairs are invested with this same air of dignity.

Spoke by the book, an expression of careful following of direction.

Coin of the realm, the currency of the country. In this case shillings and pence. *Elated*, lifted up with pride.

Lesson 7. — *Fidele* (fē dāle') is from the French, and *Johann* (yo' hahn) from the German.

Lessons 9 and 10 should be followed up by individual readings from "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson" as examples of the resourcefulness which every life should cultivate.

Lesson 11. — It will be interesting to consider what classes of persons and what habits of life furnish best examples of the acuteness of perception shown in this story.

Dervish, a Turkish or Persian monk. *Cadi*, a village magistrate. *Adduced*, brought forward, as in argument. *Sorcerer*, a magician or conjurer. *Scope*, room, opportunity.

Lesson 12. — *Cresses*, pungent plants used as a relish with food. *Medes and Persians*, in ancient times the two strong nations of Western Asia.

Lessons 13 and 14. — The author's purpose was to make happy hits upon events and persons of his time. *Fathom*, six feet. *Pantomime*, dumb show, dramatic action without speech.

Lesson 19. — *Alternately*, in turn, one and then another. *Livid*, bluish gray. *Defiant*, bold, insolent. *Depicted*, pictured.

Lesson 21. — *Broom*, a plant whose twigs are used for brooms. It grows in clumps and bears large yellow blossoms and small leaves.

Lesson 22. — *Accost*, to address, to speak first. *Rue the day*, a strong way of expressing regret. *Deluded*, grossly deceived, made a fool of.

Lesson 24. — *Moti Guj* (Goozh). *Arrack*, the name used in the East for any kind of strong liquor. The extravagant expressions "*inconsiderable interval*," "*delectable*," "*light of my eyes*," etc., are used to indicate the lofty style of address or compliment used in the East. *Mahout*, the driver of an elephant.

Lesson 25. — *Gypsydom*, a general term for the vagabond ways of the gypsies, wandering tribes originally from India, but coming to England from Hungary, etc.; a small company of people camping outside a town for purposes of trade in horses, fortune-telling, etc.

Sphinxes, Egyptian or Greek statues exciting a feeling of mystery. *Patronizing*, speaking as a superior, condescending.

Lesson 26. — *Sparta* was a Greek colony whose people were trained to endure great hardship. *Xerxes*, a noted Greek general.

Lesson 27. — *Hurdle*, a movable frame of twigs, rails, wicker-work, or iron, used for enclosing land for temporary uses. *Predicament*, an unfortunate position or situation. *Mallard*, a name for the large male duck, also sometimes for a species of ducks. *Comb of the waters*, the curling foamy crest of a wave. *Misliking*, an old form for disliking. *Holster*, a leather case on the bow of a saddle for a pistol. *Turbid*, muddy, roiled.

Lesson 29. — *Dun*, to press for payment. Note the difference between the terms *executor* and *administrator* as defined in this story.

Lesson 30. — *Del a croix* (-krwä'). *Di og' en es*, an eccentric Greek philosopher of whom many odd stories are told. *Baron*, a rank next below count or earl.

Lesson 34. — *Havre* (hävr), a seaport of France. Consider what would constitute a rich cargo from Great Britain to France, and what the return cargo might be. Note what examples of personal heroism have been recorded thus far in this book.

Lesson 36. — Consult a history for the story of *Joan of Arc*, the French national heroine. *Vosges* (vöz). *Orleans* (or lä ön'). *Chestnuts* are a staple article of food in southern Europe.

Lesson 38. — *Bavaria*, a kingdom of Southern Germany, of which Munich is the capital. The geese of the story may have represented the flocks of an entire neighborhood, sent out in care of a gooseherd to grass country outside the town. *Florin*, about forty cents.

Lesson 39. — *Antwerp*, a city and province of Belgium. *Flanders*, a former extensive district of Europe, now divided between The Netherlands, Belgium, and France. *Brabant* (bra bǎnt), a former duchy of The Netherlands, now divided between it and Belgium. *Peter Paul Rubens*, the great Flemish artist. *Patrasche* (pa trāsh'). *Jehan* (jǎn or zhǎn). *Pharmacy*, variety of medicines in use. *Gainsaid*, denied.

Lesson 40. — In connection with the selections from history, interest can easily be awakened in books for outside reading.

Lesson 41. — There is in the State House in Boston, Mass., a small vial which has in it some of the tea referred to in this story. One of the "Indians" found it afterwards in his shoe.

John Hancock, *Samuel Adams*, statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

Lesson 45. — The full story from which this extract is made tells of the affection between Nello and the young daughter of the rich miller who owned the poor hut, and whose unkindness added so much to Nello's suffering. *Michel* (Mē shāl').

Lesson 46. — *Alhambra*, a great royal citadel and palace. *Granada* was the seat of the Moorish kings, a city of great wealth and richness of ornament. The evils of this little pigeon household suggest the trials which follow lack of restraint and sudden exposure to temptation. *Progeny*, offspring, children.

Lesson 47. — *General Robert E. Lee*, a celebrated American general in the Confederate service, and a greatly beloved and honored man.

Lesson 48. — The whale fishery, formerly so important a branch of industry, furnishes many stories of heroism and danger. Any library will contain some of them.

Lesson 49. — *Ordeal* (or dē'al). At the time when this story

was written nothing was given to make the patient unconscious of the pain of a surgical operation.

Lesson 54. — *Versailles* (ver sǎ' ē). *St. Denis* (deh nē'). *Bourget* (boor zhā').

Lesson 55. — *Hibachi* (hī bǎck ī). *Frièze*, a sculptured or richly ornamented band. *Gohan*, soup.

Lesson 58. — Avoid coarseness in tone or manner when trying to express the fretful and unreasoning irritability of *Mrs. Caudle*. This style of writing is called a monologue.

Lesson 61. — *Boots*, an under servant in a public house, a bootblack. It is of interest to know that the old word "boot" means to help. *Guard*, the person in charge of a coach or train.

Lesson 63. — *Chafour* (shǎ fōr'). *Jemappes* (zhǎ mǎp'), a village in Belgium celebrated for a decisive victory of the French over the Austrians in 1792. *François* (frān'swǎ'). *Centime* (sōn'-tēme), a fifth of a cent.

Lesson 66. — *Talleyrand*, a philosopher and statesman. After the difficulties in which his outspoken views had placed him at this time were settled he rendered distinguished service to France.

The Reign of Terror, a period of a little more than a year in the first French Revolution when one of the cardinal principles of the faction in power was the execution of all persons who were thought to be obnoxious to their rule.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut, and had risen to a high position in the Continental army when he arranged with *André*, a spy, to surrender West Point, of which he was in command, to the British. The plot was discovered in time, and *André* was executed. Arnold was given a command in the British army, and at the close of the war left the country.

Lesson 69. — *Wisdom*, in these and other proverbs, is often spoken of as a person. A proverb is a kind of universal truth. *Set a compass*, encircle. *Decree*, an unchanging command.

Lesson 71. — The semi-mythical story of *St. George and the Dragon* will be best appreciated if considered in relation to other and very similar stories, in which evil is represented as a monster of unnatural form, and the highest good is achieved in conquering

it in its most deadly form. *Perseus*, in an earlier time, does the same sort of service.

Lesson 73. — *Tempered*, adapted, softened. *Subsistence*, food, living. *Remorseless*, without pity, cruel. *Drama*, a play in which the scenes follow each other quickly. *Depredations*, plundering, preying upon, laying waste. *Ranch*, farm. *Elude*, keep out of reach. *Effacing*, covering. *Ally* (ăly'), helper. *Welkin ring*, filled the air with sound. *Nimrod*, one of the earliest hunters. *Infuriated*, enraged. *Rendezvous* (rong' də vōō), place of meeting.

Lesson 74. — *Beagle*, a small hound with quick scent; hence a spy, a scout, a constable. *Antre*, an obsolete word for a hidden place, a cavern. *Myrmidons*, those who execute the commands of cruel rulers.

Lesson 77. — *Unison*, agreement, harmony. *Effigy*, image or sculptured likeness.

Lesson 78. — *Intricacy*, complication, perplexity, confusion. *Ancient*, not in this case simply old, but in a past fashion. *Decrepit*, feeble, broken with age and sickness. *Compliant*, willing to yield. *Influx*, coming in. *Nectareous*, delicious. *Huckstress*, a dealer in small wares. *Canon*, rule. *Piquant* (pē kănt'), bright, giving zest.

Lesson 79. — *Ill-fated*: the hero of this story, Gerard, had had an earlier peril. *Castor and Pollux*, twin stars in the Southern sky, so named from the twin sons of Jupiter and Leda. *Founder*, to fill with water.

Lesson 80. *Disperse the vision*, drive away what seemed unreal.

Lesson 81. — *Arras*, tapestry hangings. *Wantonness*, sport. Consider the fine figures of speech in the *watchful minutes* cheering the slower hours, also the sympathy seen in the *coals* and *ashes* and the *steel*. *Geoffrey*, son of Henry II and elder brother of King John. *Warrant*, a paper giving authority. *Exeunt* (ěx'e unt), Latin for *they go out*.





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